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As Santa Claus Starts His Yearly Round of Visits to His Little Friends, Up Pops a Famous Question

By Burton Rascoe

WHO WROTE 'Night Before Christmas'?

THERE'S been a dispute going on for 20-odd years over who wrote the most famous of all Christmas poems.

The first four lines are familiar to you and me and nearly everybody.

"'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse."

That's the way I thought the poem ran.

All through my childhood—in fact until recently (and I am 55), I thought the title of the poem was "'Twas the Night Before Christmas."

And I'm certain that's what millions of us thought.

But maybe all of us not only had the name of the poem wrong but also had the line-division—as indicated above—wrong, also.

The generally accepted text of the poem and the illustration that went with it appear on this page.

The original title of the poem may not have been "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," but "A Visit From St. Nicholas."

According to the generally accepted account, the poem was written by the Rev. Clement Clarke Moore, professor of Greek and Hebrew at the General Theological Seminary in New York City, and first appeared in the Troy (N. Y.) Sentinel on Dec. 23, 1823. It was printed anonymously and later made its first accredited appearance in a book entitled "The Collected Verses of C. C. Moore."

There is quite a bit of evidence, however, for believing that maybe Major Henry Livingston of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., wrote the poem sometime around 145 years ago and that the poem wasn't printed until 18 years after it was written, when it was sent in to a Troy (N. Y.) newspaper by an admiring niece of the gay and accomplished soldier.

Asked if she might do so (it is argued) that the major said, in effect:

"Okay, baby! As long as you don't let anybody know I wrote it. I'm a farmer, not a poet. I write jingles to amuse myself and my friends. But I don't want anybody to confuse me with Shakespeare."

Major Livingston—from what his descendants have been able to dig up about him—seems to have been a jolly old boy, who never took himself seriously and tossed off jingles just for the fun of it.

The major had been a capable soldier under Montgomery in the march to Quebec in the American War of Independence.

When the war was over, he didn't care who wrote the nation's songs or wrote the laws. He wanted to do the ploughing on his farm in Locust Valley, New York. He knew how to survey as well as George Washington did and when he got pinched for money he would take up a little surveying.

Citizens in his locality made him a justice of the peace for a while. But that seemed to be as far as he wanted to go—or allow anybody to push him. He didn't attend the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia and he seems to have been averse to signing anything.

Major Livingston, it seems, played the violin and flute. He painted pictures. He drew maps. He had an eye for pretty girls and loved dancing parties. He liked to amuse people.

So, when he found out that one way of amusing them was to write funny jingles, he went ahead and wrote reams of them.

Even if Major Livingston wrote a letter to a friend, he would make up some jingle verses and put them into the letter, such as the following:

But hark! what a clatter! the jolly bells ringing,
The lads and the lasses so jovially singing.
'Tis New Years they shout and they haul me along
In the midst of their merry-make juvenile throng . . .
But I burst from their grasp, unforgetful of duty
To pay first obeisance to wisdom and beauty . . .
On your patience to trespass, no longer I dare,
So, bowing, I wish you a happy New Year.

The late Dr. William Sturgis Thomas, descendant of Major Livingston, spent 20 years trying to substantiate the claim that it was his roysterous forebear who wrote the famous Christmas poem and not the estimable reverend gentleman, Dr. Clement C. Moore, who had a considerable talent for heavy-doing and platitudinous verse, but not for mirthful jingles.

To Dr. Moore's credit, there is no evidence, except a factitious one, that he ever claimed to have written "A Visit From St. Nicholas." The poem was included in a book called "The Collected Poems of C. C. Moore."

The book was made up of a lot of tedious verse which, it seems, the eminent theologian had written.

But it also contained several poems which research has shown Dr. Moore did not write. They had appeared anonymously in English literary journals.

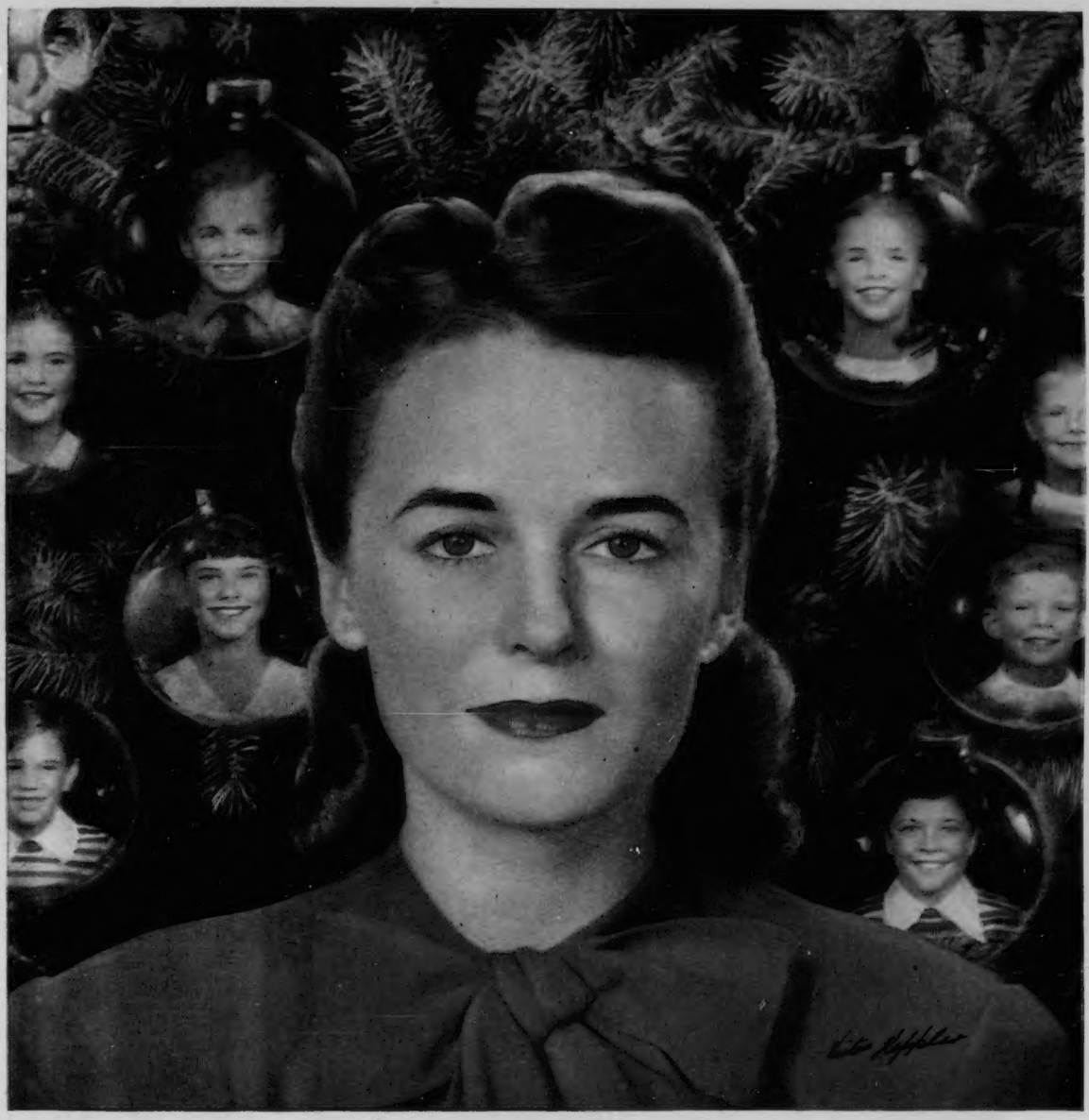
The poem, "A Visit From St. Nicholas," is included in the collection, but is stuck away back in the pages, as though it had been dropped in merely to pad out the book.

There is no evidence that Dr. Moore was responsible for the book, that he ever received a cent from it, or that he ever even saw a copy of it. In the New York Historical Society's archives, there is a copy of the poem, written out (it appears) in Dr. Moore's handwriting. But, Dr. Moore doesn't claim to be the author.

At the bottom of the last page, there is simply this: "A poem written many years ago—C. C. Moore."

The opening words—like the opening words of "The Star Spangled Banner"—will remain in the people's memory forever.

★ ★ Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL ★ ★



Merry Christmas, Miss Miller...

Dear Miss Miller:

You work hard.

It is no easy task to turn 27,000,000 boys and girls into healthy, intelligent citizens. Yet in your quiet, effective way that is what you and the million other teachers of America's children are helping to do. And you are doing it in spite of generally inadequate pay scales, overcrowded classrooms, and widespread indifference to your problems.

We cannot forget that our company has a very real stake in the results of your guidance and leadership. Quite suddenly these boys and girls of yours will become the workers, the farmers, the stockholders and the customers upon whom we depend for existence.

Helping you to plant the seeds of good citizenship seems to us to be sound business. That's why, for example, we are working with elementary school teachers in a joint Nutrition Education program . . . why we are cooperating to the fullest with those organizations seeking to improve your working and living conditions.

And so, Miss Miller, we want you to know that our "Merry Christmas" to you this season carries with it sincere thanks and appreciation for the vitally important job you are doing.

Yours sincerely,

The Men and Women
of General Mills

General Mills

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Dolly O'Brien's FAREWELL TO MARRIAGE

It's a Remarkable Grandmother Who Can Rid Herself of a Fourth Husband One Week and Next Be Dined by Clark Gable

By Joan King Flynn

A FAVORITE twist in Hollywood movie plots is when the leading man loses the girl to another, then she finds out she made a big mistake and comes back to her first love.

This isn't a screen play, but it could be. It has Clark Gable as the leading man and the beautiful, blond, millionaire grandmother, Dolly Hylan Heminway Fleischmann O'Brien Dorelis as the girl who left him for another.

The "another" was Count Jose Dorelis, Bulgarian-born perfume maker, who stole the real-life show from Gable on May 11, 1946, and married Dolly in a simple ceremony in a palatial Palm Beach mansion.

That ended the great expectations of a lot of Dolly's friends and Gable's fans. They were disappointed the way the story turned out.

The romance had an unexpected sequel last August when Dolly O'Brien divorced Dorelis, her fourth husband, in Palm Beach on charges of cruelty.

A week later, she was in Hollywood being squired about town by one of the screen's leading, leading men, Clark Gable, himself.

The handsome twosome picked up exactly where they left off, even to saying what they said periodically during their frequent cross-country meetings in the two years prior to Dolly's marrying Dorelis..."Just friends!"

In resuming her "friendly" friendship with Gable so quickly, Dolly unwittingly contradicted herself. When questioned as to why she divorced Dorelis, one of her reasons was, "You get bored with the same old faces, don't you? I think people need a change regularly."

When she was 15, Dolly married Louis Marshall Heminway of a rich Connecticut spool family. He died when their two sons, Marshall and John Hylan Heminway, were a few years old.

After World War I, multimillionaire Julius Fleischmann met the young widow and pleaded with her to marry him, even if she wasn't sure she loved him.

So Dolly became Mrs. Fleischmann and lived on a lavish Long Island estate. J. Jay O'Brien, a dashing polo player and former dancer, was a frequent visitor to the house. He and Dolly fell madly in love.

She told Fleischmann and asked for a divorce.

As her happiness meant everything to him, he consented and settled several million dollars on her and made generous provision for her sons. He died a few months after Dolly married O'Brien in October, 1924. She had forfeited the bulk of a $50,000,000 estate to marry for love.

The O'Briens settled in Palm Beach and were devoted. When O'Brien died in 1940, Dolly lived a comparatively secluded life until 1944 when she was seen frequently with Gable. He had a head start on her affections. She met Dorelis later, and married him unexpectedly when it looked like a photo finish between him and Gable.

As this is written, Dolly and Gable are still "just friends." Asked whether she would marry Gable or anyone else, Dolly said, "No, never, never again! Four times is enough."

Suave, sophisticated Jose Dorelis, who was busy working on his first novel during his 15 months' marriage to Dolly, and who speaks five languages, had very little to say.

"We had no quarrels," he commented, "but one morning Dolly asked me for a divorce. What else could a gentleman do but give it to her? If there's anything to say, it should come from Dolly."

Dolly said this:

"Our divorce came as a result of an accumulation of little things. Separately, they were so unimportant that I can't recall particulars. I think the underlying cause of our difficulties was that he seemed to resent, subconsciously perhaps, the fact that I know so many people. He felt left out of things, I'm afraid. It seemed to give him a complex of some sort."

Being lionized by people is no novelty to Dolly. She's as famed for her blond beauty and perennial youthfulness as for her list of celebrated friends.

Other men who at one time were rumored in love with her were the late Jimmy Walker, ex-mayor of New York; James Cromwell, the first husband of Doris Duke Rubirosa, and socialite Ronald Balcom.

Associates of Dolly admire her as much for her shrewd business acumen as for her social graces. She, herself, felt her independence might have contributed to the failure of her marriage to Dorelis.

"We loved each other," she said, "but it just didn't jell. I think Jose expected the European type of wife who would always be on hand at his beck and call, but he's a gentleman in every sense of the word. He is sweet and kind and knows how to order food and wines and things. I think it was his charm and sincerity that drew me towards him.

"He is not one of those juvenile European noblemen.

"He doesn't go around making a fool of himself like so many of them do. After all, he's 47."

Dolly keeps her own age to herself. She makes no bones about having five grandchildren.

It's an unusual grandmother who can be divorced from a fourth husband one week in Florida, and the next be wined and dined in Hollywood by one of the world's most eligible and sought-after men, Clark Gable.

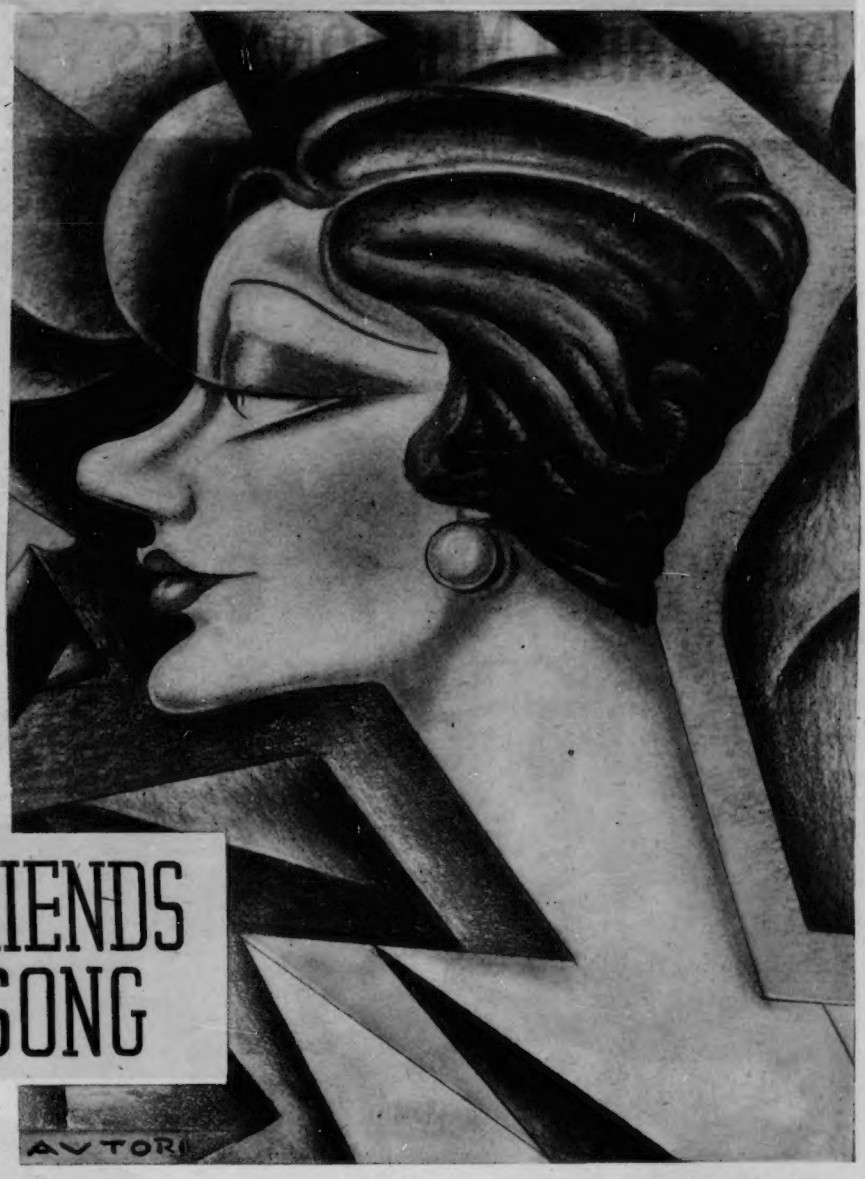
The ex-Mrs. Jose Dorelis is once again the "fabulous Dolly O'Brien."

"You Get Bored With the Same Old Faces and I Think People Need a Change Regularly," Dolly Gave as One Reason for Her Divorce.

When Gertrude Lawrence Lent the Young Composer $250 He Gave Her as Security Four Songs Nobody Seemed to Want—Including One Called "Body and Soul"

By Booton Herndon

TWO FRIENDS AND A SONG



From the Painting by Autori.

Generous Gertrude Lawrence, to Whom Friendship Meant More Than Money.

THE fastest way in the world to lose faith in human nature, say the Broadway sharpies, is by bucking the game in Tin Pan Alley.

Smart composers, they say, always hire lawyers to draw up contracts that will protect their interests in every conceivable way, even before they write the first note of a song. Otherwise a slicker might rob them.

Well, the sharpies can be wrong. Take the story, recently revealed, of two persons and a song.

Involving thousands of dollars, even more in prestige, a song that has been a hit tune for nearly two decades, and two friends with a high regard for their personal honesty, this story began back in 1929, when an unknown pianist was accompanying a well-known star on tour.

Johnny Green was the young musician's name, and when he wasn't playing, he was composing, trying to get that one big hit that makes a big name out of just another piano player.

Gertrude Lawrence was the star, whose popularity had already spread from England to America.

Just before her return to England, Green asked her for a loan, offering as security four songs which nobody else seemed to want.

Miss Lawrence came right up with $250. Johnny promptly gave her the songs, outright, just like that. They didn't bother to make a big deal out of it.

Why should they? Didn't they know each other?

Gertie went back to England, taking with her the four songs which were now hers, all hers. Nothing much happened to three of them, but one, which she sang occasionally, got a little success.

Not much, of course—it was just another ballad with the peculiar title of "Body and Soul."

As a matter of fact, everyone was surprised when Jack Hilton, then the Number One exponent of popular music in England, choose to make an elaborate recording of it on a 12-inch record.

He put his whole concert orchestra to work on it, and the English craze of the period; Pat O'Malley, sang the vocal.

It went over big, not only in England, but in the United States. People began queuing up at music stores to buy that new English song.

In the meantime, Johnny Green had given up hope of seeing anything done about the song in England. He talked Libby Holman, the sultry-voiced chanteuse who was at the peak of her fame, into singing the song in night-club engagements.

Producers Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, looking for songs to put in a new show, "Three's A Crowd," heard Miss Holman give out with the lyrics.

Somebody snapped his fingers, and the song was in. Libby appeared in the musical, singing the song, and a new hit show and a new hit song swept Broadway off its feet and into the theatre.

Then Composer Johnny Green began looking for a nice blunt instrument with which to hit himself on the head. One song was blasting its way into the ears of music lovers everywhere, but it was coming from two directions, with two owners.

Johnny was in a spot. He had not meant to do anything wrong but there it was. People who didn't understand the situation might jump to the conclusion that he had done something dishonest—and he didn't want that to happen.

He contacted Miss Lawrence. "Body and Soul" was still her song, he assured her, but could she help him explain to the music business and the world at large that he hadn't intended to pull any funny business?

"Certainly," said the British star. She settled everything by selling him back the song that was dragging in royalties over two continents. Her price? Fifty dollars.

Despite the fact that Green has to split royalties with three collaborators, Eddie Heyman, Robert Sour and Frank Eyton, each of whom had some hand in the lyrics, he has earned to date, he estimates, $30,000 off that fifty-dollar song.

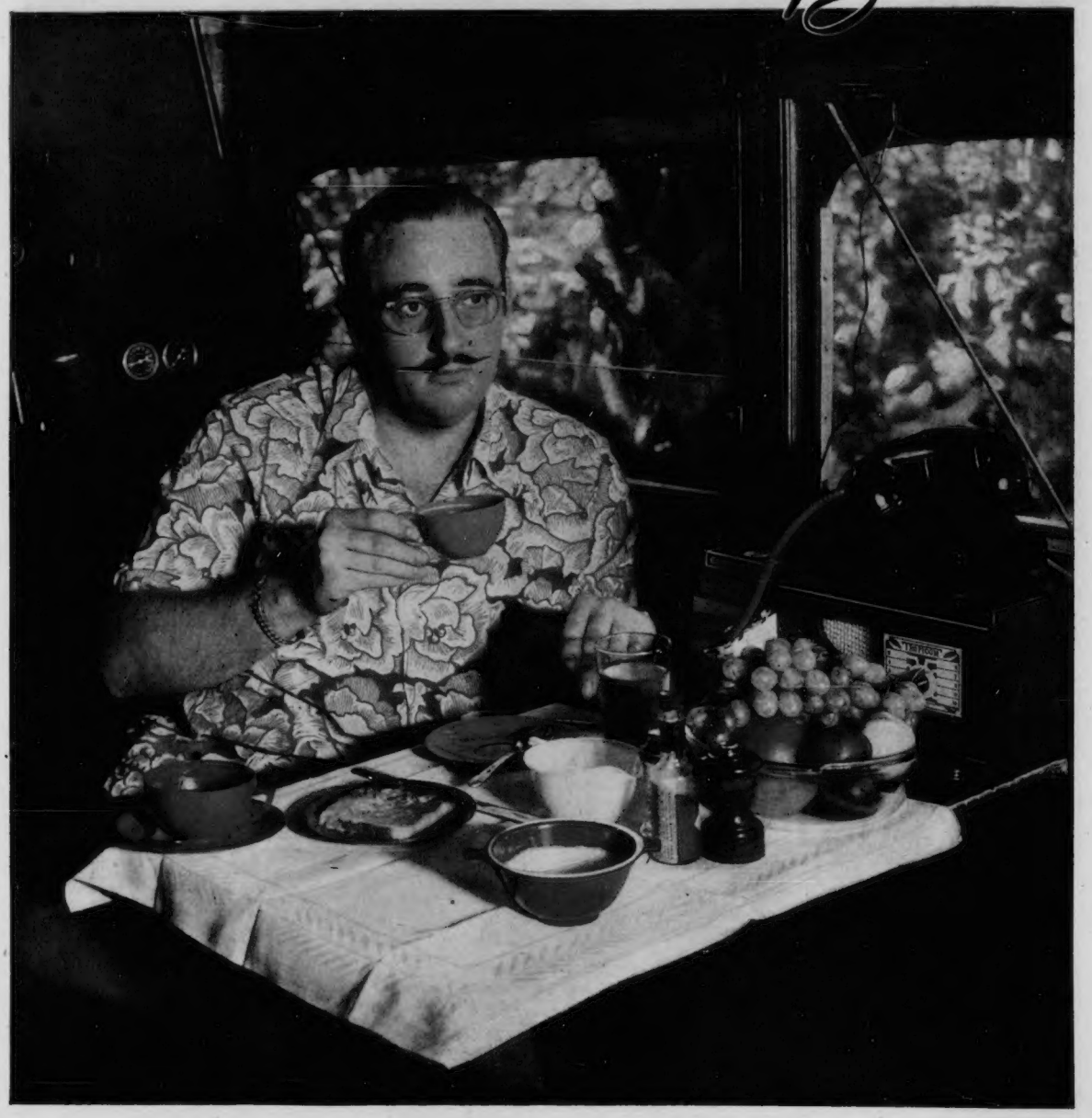
That includes his share of the sales of 60 different recordings and dozens of sheet-music arrangements, public performance fees, and the deal with Enterprise Productions, who bought the song and the title for their big new movie, "Body and Soul."

Just as an additional hint of the popularity of $50 worth of notes and words, radio disc jockeys recently agreed on a nation-wide survey that it was the most popular love song heard on the air over the past few years.

It also caused a running controversy in radio when one chain steadfastly refused, right up until recently, to allow the words to be sung on the air, although the others had removed the ban eight years ago.

Green now makes his comfortable home in Hollywood.

UNMARRIED MILLIONAIRES *Bill*



Exclusive American Weekly Photograph by Tony Sarno

William Woods Plankinton Breakfasts in Gadget, His Mansion Trailer—There Is Scarcely a Part of the United States the Millionaire Bachelor Hasn't Visited in Gadget.

By Jack Stone

GOSSIP columnists frequently have announced the betrothal of William Woods Plankinton, perhaps with the stubborn belief that a man whose fortune runs upwards of $10,000,000 has little chance of escaping matrimony.

Their predictions, however, obviously are inspired by nothing more than the gambling instinct. At 39, the packing heir is still as free as the wind.

In 1928, when Plankinton was a starry-eyed youth of 21, he announced to the press that despite his inherited millions he was a man of democratic ideals.

At the time of the interview Bill's father had just died and he had inherited $4,000,000 as well as trusteeship of a $10,000,000 trust fund.

"In New York there are so many great fortunes that $4,000,000 doesn't seem so much," Bill said modestly. "Everybody who's anybody works, and I want to be somebody. I want to be independent of the trust fund. I want to make my own money out of my own work.

"Life can be so much more enjoyable that way. For instance, I'd rather entertain a girl on money I've earned myself than on money left me."

Even at that age Plankinton evidenced a wary attitude toward designing women. Asked the question that inevitably would be put to such an eligible young man, he replied:

"Yes, surely I like girls. Don't say I don't like girls because something like that was printed in a Milwaukee paper and my pals gave me the laugh.

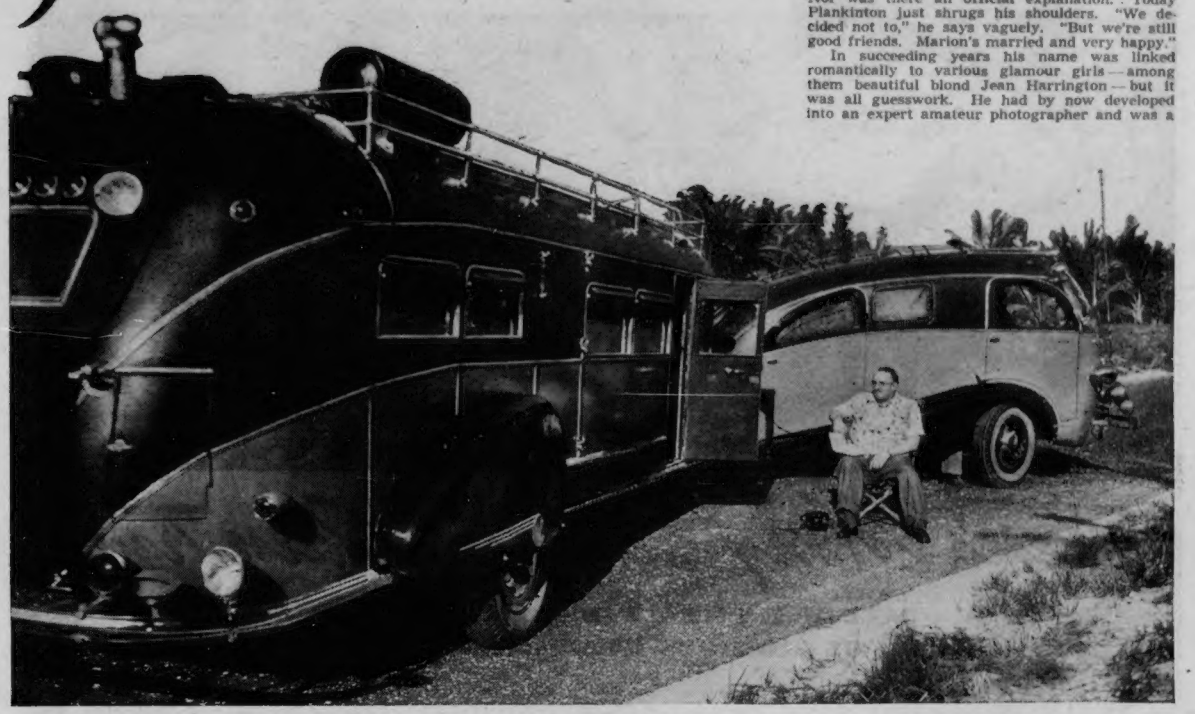
"You know, after that article I received more than 800 letters from girls all over the country. I counted them and felt like a movie hero.

"Each said she was Miss Right and was just the wife for me, but how could I find out?"

NOW approaching 40, the slightly portly Plankinton still can't find out. He's met all the eligible debs and divorcees of the past 20 years from Newport to Hollywood to Palm Beach, with stopovers in Europe, but true romance has escaped him.

"When the right girl comes along," he said recently, "I suppose I'll do what all sensible men

Plankinton



The Plankinton House on Wheels is 27½ Feet Long, With Living Room and Sleeping Space for Six, a Large and Modern Kitchen and a Bathroom Complete With Hot and Cold Water Shower.

do under such circumstances—propose and marry her if she accepts me. But so far . . . well, she just hasn't come along."

Bill's father was William Woods Plankinton, Sr., wealthy construction engineer. His fortune stems in large part from his paternal grandfather, John Plankinton, who migrated from Pennsylvania to Wisconsin and began a meat packing business.

He was so successful that he took in the pioneer packer "Phil" Armour as a partner and later sold out to the Swifts in a deal that netted millions and enabled Plankinton to buy large chunks of Milwaukee real estate, the management of which is now Bill's chief interest.

Bill's mother is the former Alexandria Stewart, daughter of the late James C. Stewart of New York City, well-known engineer. After Plankinton Senior's death she married Edward Plaut, president of a New York drug products concern. Bill has one sister, Elise, now Mrs. Angus Mackintosh.

IN HIS early teens, Bill was subjected to a series of private schools both here and in France and Switzerland. His European travels gave him a fluent knowledge of both French and Spanish, but his hand-picked education aroused in him a minor rebellion.

Arrived at the ripe age of 15, he set out to learn about life for himself. He didn't want to go to college.

He'd had enough of books. He couldn't, as prospective heir to a large packing fortune, be allowed to saunter off like Dick Whittington, but he was allowed to take a job as office boy with Grandpa Stewart's construction company in Paris at 15 francs a week.

Later he went to Cuba for the firm and in 1925 returned to New York, 18 years old and making $12 a week.

Though Bill at this period was far from the society glitterbug his money might have made him, he did not shun the social activities to which his family and bank account gave him access.

In between and after his working hours he managed to become a part of that dashing young set which kept New York and Palm Beach affairs lively.

His easy manner of approach, a certain savoir faire his foreign jaunts had brought him and a ready wit earned him, a large measure of popularity. Debs perked up and fluttered their lashes when Bill came on the scene and more than one society mother wistfully eyed him as a possible addition to the family tree.

However, Bill weathered this impressionable era of his life without being snared.

In 1933 he was still single, vacationing in some of France's smart resorts.

Reports were that he was seen about Paris with Louise Van Alen Mdivani, who had just divorced her husband, the late Prince Alex Mdivani of the "Marrying Mdivanis." While Bill was squiring Louise through the French capital, said the columnists, Mdivani departed for Bali.

However, the gossipers were wrong again. In the midst of their predictions that Plankinton and Louise were considering marriage, whatever romance existed between them cooled and Bill once more was on his solitary way.

Today Plankinton shakes his head dolefully when the subject comes up. "Those columnists!" he moans. "They get everything wrong. Louise was—and still is—just a friend."

It was about this time that he became interested in photography. He assembled a cast from among his society friends and filmed an amateur version of the famed "Grand Hotel" in Switzerland, a unique feat that made a big hit with the continental play world.

HE HAD discovered by now that managing his father's trust fund and real estate ownings was a full-time job and he devoted the bulk of his waking hours to the task. He played hard when he played, but never shirked his work, remembering and still honoring his earlier resolve.

In 1936 it looked like Plankinton's bachelor days were over. He became engaged to a childhood friend, Marion Fernic of Milwaukee.

His friends went so far as to throw a bachelor dinner for him in honor of the coming event. At last it had come to pass—Plankinton was going to be a benedick!

It never came to pass, however. The engagement was called off. There was no wedding. Nor was there an official explanation. Today Plankinton just shrugs his shoulders. "We decided not to," he says vaguely. "But we're still good friends. Marion's married and very happy."

In succeeding years his name was linked romantically to various glamour girls—among them beautiful blond Jean Harrington—but it was all guesswork. He had by now developed into an expert amateur photographer and was a sort of lens ambassador to the smart set, picturing their doings for posterity.

BACHELOR IN A TRAILER

ONCE he took a fling at the publishing game, putting out a chatty little tabloid-size magazine called "Manhattan." It folded up very quickly. "I got the printer's ink out of my system in a hurry," mused Plankinton in recalling the event.

Then came what has developed into the joy of his life—the auto trailer to end all trailers.

The nomad instinct of his earlier years was still with him. Travel and changes of scene, he seemed to believe, would refresh his outlook.

Why not a trailer? Not just an ordinary trailer, but a trailer that actually had all the comforts of home, in which he could relax and work while shifting over the country.

So he had Gadget built. So named because of its multitude of accessories, Gadget is 27½ feet long, contains a living room, sleeping accommodations for six, a kitchen with an electric stove large enough to roast a 24-pound turkey, and a bathroom complete even to a shower.

A converted tractor, containing two more beds for the crew of chauffeur and cook, and an electric icebox, pulls the trailer. Another smaller trailer, called Junior Gadget, and pulled by an auto, holds luggage.

On Gadget's roof is a windmill to generate power in case of a motor breakdown and a collapsible plywood boat which can be powered with either a gas or electric engine. The boat comes into use often when Bill decides he'd like to fish in a passing lake.

THERE is scarcely a part of the United States that Bill has not visited in his trailer. When war broke and he was turned down by the services as a 4-F, he joined the Civil Air Patrol and became supply and recruiting officer for Wisconsin.

He traveled more than 100,000 miles in Gadget in the interests of CAP, recruiting cadets and on occasions turning his trailer into a mobile canteen.

Because of the beating Gadget took in WPA service, Bill has had her completely overhauled and renovated. One new feature is a radio telephone with which he can talk to any part of the country while in transit. In Gadget also is a complete library on realty law, on which Plankinton is an expert.

When the winter months are inflicting discomfort in northern states, you are likely to find Bill Plankinton headed for Palm Beach in his trailer, still single and still free as the wind.

There's Merry Eating on a Cheese Tray!

ONCE AGAIN KRAFT HAS A WHOLE ARRAY OF GLORIOUS VARIETIES FOR YOU

TO CLIMAX a holiday dinner or buffet supper, the tray above is one of the merriest of ideas. On it is just a sample of the many superb varieties Kraft again offers discriminating cheeselovers: Slim wedges of Kraft Blue Cheese . . . Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese . . . and Kay or Badger Brand Swiss. In the center, velvety-crusted Casino Brand Camembert. The red-coated wedges are Chantelle, mellow as old wine. Add a couple of cheddar varieties—for example, sharp "Old English" Brand and medium mellow Kraft American pasteurized process cheese—and you'll make every cheeselover happy!

WHAT A DESSERT, this connoisseur's assortment below! Creamy-hearted Casino Brand Camembert, ripened to the "runny" stage. And Louis Rigal Roquefort, imported from France by Kraft, or zestful Kraft Blue Cheese. On galax leaves place apple slices and pear wedges, and you've made a memorable occasion! But actually the two trays pictured here, are just a *hint* of the many exciting cheese trays you'll be serving. Now again America's House of Kraft can supply you with dozens of varieties to lend charm and wonderful eating to many an occasion. *Always* depend on Kraft for quality.

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY KRAFT

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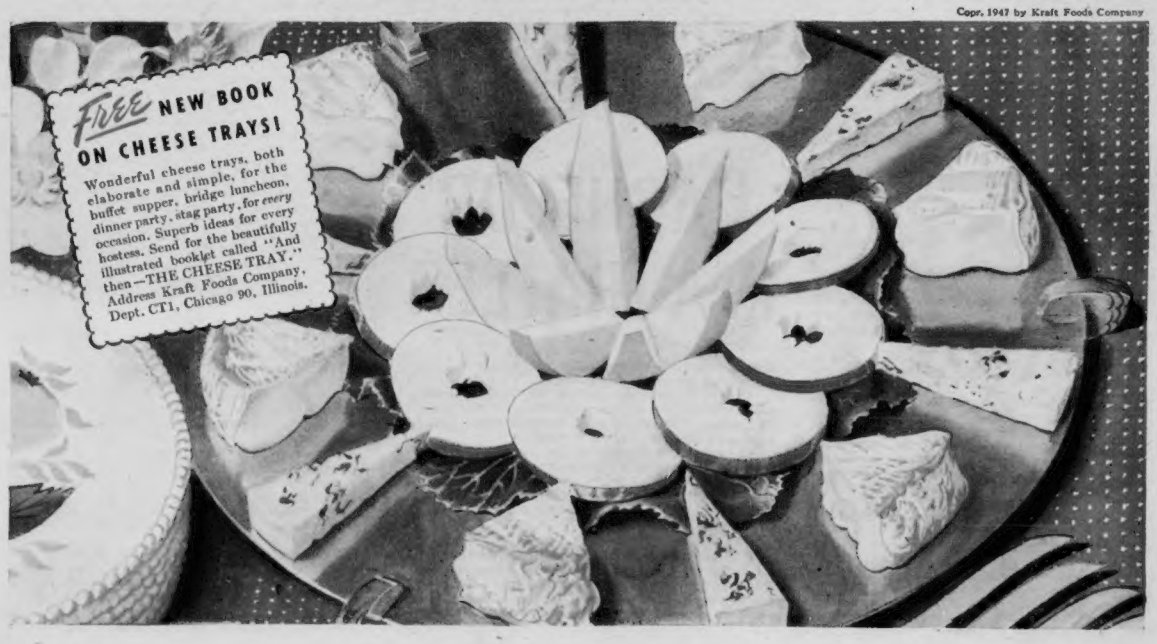
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Judgment of JUDGE PINOCHLE

In the Strangest Pinochle Game On Record, Divorce Was the Stakes, the Referee Was Thrown Out, and the Winner Lost.

IT MAY not have proved anything, but it was the red-hottest pinochle game Cleveland ever saw.

The contestants were Seymour Weiss, and his wife, June. At stake was a matter of divorce. The game was to go to 1,500 points.

There was even a referee who, before the evening was over, was probably wishing he'd never seen a deck of cards.

The deck was cut and the game was on. "Sure you got this straight, now?" asked Weiss. "If I win you stop trying to get a divorce."

"That's right," said Mrs. Weiss, "and if I win you leave me alone and don't contest it."

"Oke," said Mr. Weiss. "Let's go."

A little while later Weiss, the victor, grinned at his wife. The grin was emphatically not returned. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Weiss said, now that he'd had his fun, she was going right ahead with the divorce anyway.

What happened after that is a little jumbled. One report says that the referee sided with Mrs. Weiss, who, incidentally, is a very pretty young woman.

The referee departed the field of battle hurriedly, followed by a bottle flung after him by the irate winner. The missile missed.

Then, in a reconstruction of the events offered the Cleveland courts by Mrs. Weiss's attorney, the victor started in on Mrs. Weiss. The story was that he chased her around the room, wrecking some furniture and smashing some windows, but she held her lead.

Mission not accomplished on the interior, Mr. Weiss began a little exterior destruction, it was charged, driving his car into the side of the house and knocking off part of the back porch.

With that, hostilities were completed for the night, but about ten days later Mrs. Weiss was in court again, asking for an order to restrain her husband from bothering her. She went through with the game only to satisfy his "theatrical emotions" anyway, she said, and she still wanted that divorce, pinochle or no pinochle.

The court granted the order but also ruled that Weiss, in the role of father, not husband, might visit his former home each Wednesday and Sunday afternoon from 1 to 3 to see his three children.

Mrs. Weiss agreed to the visits, but she says now that when the father comes around he attempts to be a husband too. "According to my standards," she says, "he's still not behaving. He claims he wants my love. "But I tell you one thing," Mrs. Weiss adds emphatically, "he won't get me to play any more pinochle games. I'm through with pinochle forever. From now on I stick to poker."

Illustrated by RAFAEL DE SOTO

Two other divorce suits, a continent apart, having to do with card games appeared in court records recently. Maybe, some observers declare, a whole new field of jurisprudence will be opened by the new trend. Perhaps law-makers will decide that the principle of "Ace Partneroam Trumpans," or trumping your partner's ace, is grounds for divorce.

Pinkus Wasserman, a 78-year-old apartment house owner of Los Angeles, is probably one of the few landlords in the country who never got around to having a full house — or a pair of deuces, for that matter.

Mr. Wasserman sued for divorce from his wife of six months, Sarah, on grounds of mental cruelty. Reversing the usual procedure, she had misrepresented her age, he charged, saying she was 71 when she was actually about 60.

He also maintained that she had married him for his money. All that, however, was mild compared to one of her demands on him. She wanted him to learn how to play poker.

"H-m-m," said Judge Charles S. Burnell. "It might not hurt him to learn."

Up sprang Wasserman's son, Nathan. "Your Honor, I agree," he said, "especially if you can hold a full house. But my father never bet a penny in his life, and at 78 he's too old to learn."

The divorce was granted.

A young New York wife, in contrast to Mrs. Wasserman, said that she had had no trouble at all getting her husband to play cards.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Helene Miller implied, in her suit for separation before the New York Supreme Court, he played too well.

He cheated, she said, and not only that, he got caught.

"My husband," she told the court, "developed a propensity for cards which caused me great humiliation and distress."

Mrs. Miller, who gave her occupation as a radio script writer, went on to tell of a game which took place in her home one night.

Here's her account of it, in her petition to the court:

"A friend of mine, Betty, accused him of cheating. I protested that he probably had made a mistake, but she insisted she was right. She claimed that during the many times she had played cards with us she had noticed that he would throw his cards in and mis-state the number of points he had.

"She said that she never wished to bring it to everybody's attention for fear of hurting me, but that she was tired of letting it go and that she had no desire to play any more with a cheat. My husband protested it was not so."

Incidental to his proclivity at winning gin-rummy hands, Mrs. Miller said that he had assaulted her, once ripped her dress off, and another time threw a drink at her. She wanted a separation, alimony, and counsel fees.

The husband, Morton Miller, a landscape architect, said, in many words, that it was all due to the fact that he was no highbrow. He even went to college at night, he said, to try to reach her intellectual demands, but it was no go.

Illustrated
by
DOROTHEA FOX

What To Do About RHEUMATIC FEVER

An Alert Mother Can Help Detect This Disease by Taking Her Child's Temperature and Promptly Calling the Doctor When It Rises

By G. B. Lal

THE vigilant mother can do more than anyone else to save her child from the disastrous results of rheumatic fever, the leading cause of fatal heart disease in early life.

The sooner she detects the first symptoms and takes an ailing child to the family physician for diagnosis and treatment the greater is the chance of arresting the disease in its early stage and, perhaps, thus preventing disability and even premature death.

Early and effective treatment of acute attacks of this virulent disease are particularly important to save the heart from its ravages.

A new treatment, for acute form of rheumatic fever—devised at famed Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., and found more effective than the usual aspirin therapy—employs a combination of aspirin bicarbonate of soda and a vitamin of the B family, called PABA (para-aminobenzoic acid).

If a child has sore throat, tonsilitis (inflammation of tonsils) or nose and throat and ear inflammatory reaction, that may be the sign of, or lead to, rheumatic fever.

Sometimes a very slight feverishness, not ordinarily perceptible, is the first symptom of rheumatic fever. It is advisable for mothers to learn to take the child's temperature, orally and rectally to detect a slight rise of temperature.

The child may have so called "growing pains," vague pains in legs, thighs, neck and any other muscles and joints of the body.

There may only be headache, loss of appetite, unusual irritability, bodily restlessness, difficulty in breathing, with congestion of the chest, general weakness and fatigue.

Never should the mother ignore the child's story of some complaint. The symptoms of rheumatic fever are numerous and baffling, for the reason that it is a disease of all the tissues of the body, and likely to involve all the tissues of the heart.

What used to be called St. Vitus' dance, medically known as "chorea" (ko-ree-ah), is a symptom of rheumatic fever which occurs more frequently in girls than boys. It is an indication of the damage done to the nervous system, so that fidgeting, uncontrolled twitchings of the face, protruding of the tongue, lack of attention and mental concentration appear as symptoms.

Acute rheumatic fever, with rise of temperature, pain in joints and other complaints, is not cleared up by sulfa drugs or penicillin.

But aspirin and related salicylates (salesylates) have been known to help in abating the acute attacks. At the Mayo Clinic, Drs. Thomas J. Dry, H. R. Butt and C. H. Scheifley found in some cases even large doses of salicylates together with bicarbonate of soda failed to give relief.

However, when the patient was also fed PABA, there was speedy and dramatic disappearance of most of the symptoms.

At the University of Tennessee, Memphis, Tenn., Drs. Herman Rosenblum and E. L. Fraser succeeded in clearing up acute rheumatic fever, in a dozen children, with PABA alone—even when aspirin had failed.

PABA occurs naturally in yeast, rice bran, rice polishings, wholewheat, wheat germ and liver, and is available in pure synthetic form. Why this vitamin and aspirin aid each other, or are effective separately, in the treatment of rheumatic fever is being investigated.

Symptoms of certain forms of insanity and severe neurosis were found due to rheumatic fever inflammation of the brain in 207 young men by Dr. Harry A. Warren, of Peoria, Ill., and Dr. John Chornyak of Chicago. These patients had hallucinations, panics, fears and deliriums.

Studies of rheumatic fever pneumonia, made at Yale University by Drs. Donald W. Selden, Henry S. Kaplan and Henry Bunting, show that this is one of the most dreadful lung diseases.

But rheumatic heart disease, which accounts for most deaths from heart sickness in early life, is one of medical science's most urgent problems. The heart is particularly damaged by acute attacks, but also by slow, insidious rheumatic fever.

Inflammation of all the tissues and structures of the interior of the heart may occur; the heart becomes enlarged, the valves distorted (so called leaky valves), so that its action is interfered with.

A majority of cases of "bacterial endocarditis" (infectious heart lining inflammation), with diseased valves, has been traced to rheumatic fever. Until penicillin therapy began to save some of the patients, this type of heart inflammation was almost always fatal. Heart disease may flare up sharply and suddenly when sore throat, tonsilitis, influenza or pneumonia, or multiple boils all the body, in which rheumatic fever had been previously present.

Not only children but also adults who have once had rheumatic fever symptoms, in childhood or later years, should not be exposed to the germs—"hemolytic streptococci, type A"—believed to be the cause of rheumatic fever, as well as of sore throat, tonsilitis, bacterial influenza and some middle ear infections.

Certain prophylactic treatments may be given by the family physician to susceptible children, adolescents and adults to prevent recurrence of rheumatic fever. These consist in feeding daily, especially in cold and damp periods of the year, sulfa drugs and penicillin.

According to Dr. Homer F. Swift, of the Rockefeller Institute, daily feeding of small doses of sulfadiazine, to germ-free youngsters and grownups, prevents recurrence of rheumatic fever. If the "strep" germs are resistant to sulfa drugs, lozenges of penicillin may be prescribed; a treatment found protectively effective by Dr. P. J. Burke, of West Cork County Hospital, Ireland.

Rheumatic fever is a recurring disease, which may have acute or mild symptoms, and for periods no symptoms at all. Many children, if given early treatment and proper convalescent care, apparently recover and live normal lives. Ten years after the childhood disease, in a series of 1,000 cases, in one community, 203 had died, 209 had slight and 135 severe limitations, and 439 were living normally.

Diet plays an important part, as it is definitely known that among those who eat adequate and well balanced diets the incidence of rheumatic fever is less than among the undernourished. In full recovery, mental attitudes play an important part. The patients of rheumatic fever, therefore, are in need of wise and careful dieting, mental hygiene, and medical treatment.

At the Irvington House (103 Park Avenue, New York) a hundred rheumatic fever patients are given periodic checkups. David and Irma, two of these cases, married in 1942, after having recovered thoroughly.

They report regularly for their medical checkups. They had rheumatic heart disease; but it is gone.

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What about its flavor?

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They love it. And margarine is a highly concentrated source of food energy, easily and completely digested. It is a reliable supplier of Vitamin A every month of the year.

How much can I save?

Count the nickels and dimes you save on each delicious pound. They add up to many dollars per year. Margarine's low price says, "Spread it freely," and its fine flavor says, "Spread it gladly."

This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

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King

Her Beauty, Wit and Charm Captivated the King So Completely That the Queen Was Forced to Bring Her Rival to Her Dying Husband's Bedside

Mrs. Keppel's Day at the Races Was Ruined When She Found the Duchess Wearing the Same Gown. They Exchanged Furious Glances All Afternoon to the Great Amusement of King Edward VII.

By Warren Hall

A KING used to call her Adorable Alice. At the height of her fame, she was one of the richest and most influential women in England.

But when she reached the end of her unique career recently in Florence, Italy, only a few of her contemporaries remembered her as the glamorous figure who unintentionally contributed to the strained diplomatic relations leading up to World War I.

More than a half century ago, when she first became recognized as the favorite of King Edward VII of England, Mrs. George Keppel was a Junoesque blonde with almost regal beauty. She had wit, charm and social graces, but she was hardly the type that romanticists have come to associate with a femme fatale.

The evidence seems clear, however, that this personable wife of a struggling wine merchant exerted an influence on the British King that was matched only by the attraction of another commoner for his grandson and namesake two generations later. The seventh Edward, who already had a Queen, didn't renounce his throne for love, but his insistence that Mrs. Keppel was the social equal of royalty is regarded by some authorities as having had a disastrous effect on his attitude toward Kaiser Wilhelm.

The romance between King Edward and Mrs. Keppel existed for many years before it became a matter of public information. The startling story, with its global interest and myriad implications, was first published in The American Weekly of Feb. 21, 1909, on the basis of a superb reporting job done by W. T. Stead, English publicist.

HIS cabled dispatch began:

"One cause of the friction that has prevented friendly relations between King Edward and his nephew, Emperor Wilhelm, and that is said to be largely responsible for the King's failure to have visited Berlin... is generally asserted to be the Kaiser's refusal to recognize the status of the lady whose name has been openly associated with that of the King as friend, confidante and entertainer."

Stead identified the woman as Mrs. Keppel, which was no news to those in court circles, but

Illustrated by ELMOR BROWN

Edward's Adorable Alice

it was, nevertheless, an outstanding bit of journalistic enterprise.

The Kaiser, Stead said, adhered firmly to the standards of his grandmother, Queen Victoria, while the King followed the pattern of some of his earlier ancestors—William IV, George IV and other monarchs of a more unconventional age.

"Four years ago," the dispatch continued, "the King asked the Kaiser to invite this lady to a banquet on the imperial yacht. The Kaiser absolutely refused, whereupon the King, in great dudgeon, broke off all relations with his nephew. Since then the King has visited nearly every European capital and cultivated closer relations between England and the countries visited, but he has ignored Germany and given her to feel that England was isolating her. The feeling thus created has led the countries to the verge of war."

SHORTLY after the dispatch was written, King Edward, convinced at last that his stubbornness was perilous, attempted to mend the breach by visiting Berlin with his Queen, Alexandra, who, a year later, was to lead Mrs. Keppel to the King's deathbed and watch him cast his last affectionate glances at her rival.

According to some commentators, Edward's belated international gesture apparently failed to undo the effects of his earlier attitude. At any rate, in five years England and Germany were at war.

If Mrs. Keppel realized the part she has been

credited with playing in this debacle, she didn't show it. In fact, she had always been quite modest about her position at court. Probably only once in her life did she ever forget that her ardent admirer was also her King. That happened one evening while she was in the middle of a whist hand in a distinguished assemblage.

A footman approached the table and, excusing himself, whispered in Mrs. Keppel's ear. She started to lay down her hand, but there were only a few more cards to play, and she instructed the lacky:

"Tell His Majesty I'll see him in just a minute."

In much less time than that the doors of the salon were thrown open and Edward, standing in the doorway, said:

"The King waits for nobody!"

Mrs. Keppel, paling suddenly, rose to her feet, curtsied deeply and, without another word, accompanied her royal gallant from the room.

It was always understood among those who had reason to know that Mrs. Keppel never asked the King for anything, but, directly and indirectly, she received a great deal.

She was the daughter of Admiral Sir William Edmonstone, a Scottish baronet of ancient family. In 1891 she married Lt.-Col. the Hon. George Keppel, third son of the seventh Earl of Albemarle, who had dignity and position, but practically no money.

To support his wife, Keppel became a member of a small wine firm in Pall Mall, but his earnings were so meagre that Mrs. Keppel had to appeal to her father for money to keep up her wardrobe.

She met Edward in 1893 while she was on a yacht trip to the Riviera with friends. He was 51 then, a bearded man who was still the Prince of Wales, but had been on the verge of becoming King for so long that he was treated as though he already had ascended the throne.

Whenever Edward attended a private party, it was understood that he was to receive in advance a list of guests. He struck off those whom he disliked and added the names of those he wanted to be with. After the Riviera interlude, he always added the name of Mrs. Keppel and usually specified that she be his partner at bridge or whist.

It wasn't long before the Hon. Mr. Keppel's business ventures were keeping pace with his wife's social progress. He was able to dispose of large quantities of wines and cigars among the King's friends, and they passed the word along to other customers who always wanted to deal with the right people. He represented Sir Thomas Lipton's intersts in the United States at a large salary.

AFTER Edward became King, American financiers who were received at court often gave him stock market tips. He authorized his agents to make the necessary purchases, and usually lost his winnings at the horse races, but it was the alert Mrs. Keppel who profited the most.

From her humble beginning she became in a few years one of the richest women in England. On a tip that came from Pierpont Morgan she invested $350,000 in United States Steel just before it began one of its spectacular advances. She was $1,000,000 richer when she sold out in a few weeks.

Alice Keppel was not brilliantly witty, but she could hold her own in any repartee. Once, at a party given by Lady Cunard for the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, she appeared in an old-fashioned gown and a still more antique necklace. An envious peeress, looking for the chance to put this upstart in her place, remarked:

"What a sweet necklace you're wearing tonight, my dear. Quite early Victorian."

"Yes, it's rather nice," Mrs. Keppel agreed. "But you're wrong about the era. It's late Edwardian. It was given to me last week."

Because Edward was so frequently a guest, Mrs. Keppel's parties at her home in Portman Square became famous. She attempted to keep them exclusive, but the list of eligibles kept growing, and eventually she had an architect draw plans for enlarging the house.

That Christmas she received a lease of No. 3 Carlton House Terrace from an anonymous donor whose identity no one seemed to doubt, particularly since it was situated on Crown property and connected with Buckingham Palace by a short, convenient and quite inconspicuous drive through St. James's Park.

Carlton House Terrace was occupied only by millionaires, and Mrs. Keppel's new house, which came to her completely redecorated according to her own taste, represented an investment conservatively estimated at $300,000. It had an exceptional chef and a staff of well-trained and reticent servants.

So, also, did the home of her close friend, a countess who was the wife of a noted earl. The King and Mrs. Keppel frequently went there for dinner with Prince Francis of Teck, brother of Edward's daughter-in-law. One night the earl arrived home unexpectedly about midnight and noted that a couple of plainclothesmen were patrolling the street and a vaguely familiar brown brougham stood in front of the door.

Nevertheless, he mounted the steps and put his key in the door. It was opened at once by his dignified butler, who announced:

"Sorry, Your Lordship. No one is allowed to enter until Her Ladyship's guests leave."

The earl started to sputter, but the door was closed in his face. He took another look at the brougham, recognized it, and decided to forget the whole matter.

MRS. KEPPEL'S clothes always set off her tall, graceful figure and went well with her delicate pink and white complexion and her masses of honey-hued hair. Only once was she embarrassed in public by her attire, and that was when her dominant social position was being challenged by the wealthy, American-born Duchess of Rosburghe, who had inherited half of the fortune of her father, Ogden Goelet.

For the Ascot races, the Duchess and the King's favorite had each purchased a new gown. Each was assured that her creation was exclusive, but when they arrived almost simultaneously at the royal enclosure they discovered to their respective dismay that they were sartorial twins. They spent most of the afternoon glaring at each other, to the delight of the onlookers and the vast amusement of the King.

Not all of Mrs. Keppel's mishaps were social. In fact, she seemed to have a flair for being in the midst of excitement. While on her way to Balmoral to visit the King, she was in a train wreck and helped to tend the seriously injured, despite her own not insignificant cuts and bruises. While yachting with Sir Thomas Lipton on the "Shamrock," she was blown overboard in a storm and was saved from drowning only by a line that happened to be dangling from a passing fishing boat.

Her house was burglarized on three occasions, and on two of them she routed the burglars with a poker. (The third time was when she arrived home to find four well-dressed men who calmly admitted they had been hired to ransack the place for the letters of an "important person.") Four times during week-end house parties she helped to fight midnight fires; twice she was knocked down by cyclists, and on two successive days she successfully mastered a runaway horse while she was riding to hounds.

At first Queen Alexandra resented Mrs. Keppel, just as she had previously resented the Countess of Warwick, Mrs. Cornwallis West, Lady de Grey and others. The customary Christmas party at Sandringham was canceled in 1901, presumably because the Queen was ill, but actually, it was said, because the King had insisted that she invite Mrs. Keppel.

In later years, however, the Queen and the King's "Adorable Alice" achieved a status which, if not friendship, was at least an armed neutrality. Alexandra even went so far as to ask the wine merchant's wife to visit her at Sandringham.

When Edward was dying, in 1910, the Queen sent for Mrs. Keppel and led her silently into the royal bedchamber. They stood on either side of the bed, each holding one of the King's hands as he breathed his last. It was probably one of the most unusual scenes in all the history of royalty.

WITH the King's death, Mrs. Keppel vanished from London society and returned only at rare intervals. Some years before, she had spent a few days in Florence and, during a walk, chanced upon a run-down, over-grown villa which, she was told, had once been the home of Galileo. She bought it on the spur of the moment and transformed it into a magnificent home, just as she had turned a piano warehouse in London's fashionable Grosvenor St. into an imposing salon where she first entertained the King.

It was to Florence that she retired to mourn her royal admirer and, as it turned out, to spend most of the rest of her days. Her husband accompanied her. If his presence was overshadowed by a wraith from the past, he seemed unaware of it. When guests arrived from London, as they frequently did, to attend the famous house parties at beautiful Villa dell'Ombrellino, he showed them the house and grounds, pointing out various objects and remarking:

"That was a gift from His Majesty."

Italian hoodlums wrecked the villa when the Keppels were forced to leave during World War II, but Adorable Alice returned to end her days. When she died her husband stood holding her hand, many miles and many years away from another poignant deathbed scene.

"Does Santa get his gas here, Daddy?"

"Well, I don't know about Santa, son. But I do know that every one of the hundreds and hundreds of folks who've driven in here this year have been like Santa Claus to us. Yes, sir, they've helped make this just about the *Merriest* Christmas ever!

"Believe me, that wreath just isn't big enough to say the kind of 'Merry Christmas . . . and THANKS!' I feel."

Your own *Flying* -A- and Veedol Dealer also joins Joe in a hearty "Merry Christmas . . . and THANKS!" to you.

All year long he has done his best to *deserve* your business. He *believes* in the products he sells . . . and tries hard to make FRIENDLINESS, CLEANLINESS, HONEST VALUES and SERVICE the watchwords of his business.

Today he says, "*Thanks* for a Merry Christmas . . . AND A RIGHT MERRY ONE TO *YOU!*"

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PETS UNLIMITED

A Stubborn Collie Laid the Groundwork for the Saving of Hundreds of Stray Dogs From Execution or Suffering and to an Unusual Housing Experiment

By Watson Crews, Jr.

"Sandy — — — Oh," Shouted Verna Moore, and Threw Her Arms Around the Dog's Neck.

TAKING a dog's-eye view of things, Mrs. Carter Downing is just about the nicest lady in the whole wide world. That's because Mrs. Downing, wife of a San Francisco physician:

1—Won't rent any of her 16 apartments to a family that hasn't at least one cat or dog.

2—Has founded Pets Unlimited, an animal adoption agency that has located homes for hundreds of stray dogs and is so successful that it may be copied all over the country.

It all started when an old collie wandered into Mrs. Downing's neighborhood and refused to leave. In accordance with city regulations, she took him to the pound, but she also inserted an ad in the San Francisco Examiner describing the dog and promising to pay for his board until his owner claimed him.

She returned to the pound in four days and discovered that the unclaimed collie was about to be put in the gas chamber. Her tearful plea postponed the execution. The next day the dog's owner appeared.

"I've had Pal since he was three weeks old and he's 11 years old now," the man said. "I took his collar off to brush him and he wandered away. When I couldn't find him I had a heart attack. That's way I didn't see the ad sooner."

Mrs. Downing was deeply impressed, not only by the owner whose dog was almost killed, but also by the sight of so many homeless dogs at the pound.

"I kept seeing those rows of wistful little faces behind wire netting," she said, "and I kept thinking of all the people who must want pets."

She took several dogs out of the pound, boarded them at her own expense and offered them for adoption. Her ad brought nearly 200 calls. For disappointed applicants she had one suggestion:

"The pound is full of dogs. Please go out there and get one."

If they protested they had no transportation, she offered to drive them to the pound. That idea was accepted so eagerly that she ran an ad for six months and spent much of her time as a one-woman taxi service "to beat the gas chamber."

With Yuletide approaching, Mrs. Downing asked the city's newspapers to print stories and pictures of impounded animals and suggest that they be given to children as Christmas presents. The resultant publicity emptied the pound.

That indication of how much San Franciscans wanted pets encouraged Mrs. Downing to approach four friends, each of whom agreed to help her. For more than a year the five women devoted all of their free time and most of their available funds toward bringing homeless animals and petless people together.

Each week the group placed an average of 50 animals, which was really a remarkable number in view of the precautions taken to be sure that the pets would have the best of care and would not again be in danger of entering the gas chamber or, even worse, the vivisection laboratories.

Even if they had satisfactory answers to a long list of questions, the new owners were subject to three unannounced visits over a period of three months, during which the animal could be taken away if the investigator wasn't thoroughly satisfied.

Finally, not long ago, the job that had become too big for Mrs. Downing became too big for five women. They organized Pets Unlimited, a non-profit corporation to which animal-loving San Franciscans have been invited to contribute.

Setting up temporary headquarters in a veterinary hospital, the organization is aiming toward a fully-equipped shelter with sunny runways, roomy kennel space and a well-staffed infirmary.

All animals undergo a thorough examination on entering and those that show any symptoms of illness are segregated until they have completely recovered.

When dogs with licenses are taken to the pound, Pets Unlimited tries to locate the owners before offering them to new masters. Sometimes it's quite a job.

Attempting to find the owner of a female toy police dog, Mrs. Downing called at the address given on the license but no one there recognized the animal. She sent a letter, hoping it would be forwarded, but got no answer. After two more trips, she located a neighbor who knew the family and learned that the owner had worked at Fort Mason, the San Francisco port of embarkation.

Officials at the fort said he had moved to Oklahoma and provided an address. An airmail letter brought no response and, after three weeks, Mrs. Downing was worried. The grieving dog had eaten nothing since she brought it to her home.

The problem was solved by the arrival of an 11-year-old girl and her mother. The girl was too excited to talk. She held out the airmail letter and said "Please...please." When she saw the dog she shouted "Sandy — Oh, Sandy," threw her arms around its neck and burst into tears.

The family, it developed, had returned to San Francisco after a short stay in Oklahoma and the letter had finally caught up.

When Louis Bachagalupe, living in a furnished room, was confronted with the necessity of giving up the dog that had been in the war with him for four years, he was desperate. He told Mrs. Downing he planned to marry in two years and wanted his dog back then. She pointed out that few people would want to adopt a dog and then give it up.

But Pets Unlimited even solved that one. A couple who came to claim a dog while Louis was there overheard the conversation. They had a large place and were willing to take care of an extra pet. Louis drops in every week end to take his favorite companion for a walk.

The apartment house venture was just a sideline, Mrs. Downing decided that the customary landlord edict against pets was an outrage. She bought a place and announced that incoming couple could have any number of children but must also have either a cat or dog.

Lots of people who didn't care anything about pets hurried out and acquired one in the hope of obtaining an apartment, but Mrs. Downing, with her experience among animal-lovers, was able to weed them out in favor of sincere applicants.

"I never expected in times like these to find a place where I could keep a pet," said Mrs. H. H. Ashley, wife of a retired army colonel. "I wanted a Maltese cat for years and I've just bought one. This is the most wonderful thing that ever happened."

San Francisco thinks Pets Unlimited is pretty wonderful, too.

Feeding the Multitude

By Dean Cornwell
Distinguished Painter and Illustrator

Dean Cornwell Discusses the Inspiration for His Favorite Painting

ONLY two of the miracles of Jesus Christ are described by all four Gospels in the New Testament; one is the Resurrection, the other, the miracle of the loaves and the fishes.

Some 20 years ago I began a large canvas of this second miracle and today it ranks as perhaps my favorite painting. I cherish it for many reasons, but at this particular Christmas season I am filled with wonder at the miracle itself.

With famine stalking the world it is singularly appropriate that we look upon this miracle of Jesus as part of His ministry to supply every human need, including food.

How did the Saviour feed 5,000 hungry people?

No human mind will ever be able to fathom the answer to that question. All that we do know is that the multitude were hungry and that they were fed from what started out to be a pitifully small basket of food.

All that was brought before Him were five small loaves, not of the kind of bread we know today, but barley loaves, something like hardtack—dry, crusty and probably not too palatable by modern standards; and two dried mullets, a fish about the size of a herring. Not much of a lunch for anyone, hardly adequate for a growing boy in those days.

The miracle occurred at the time of the Passover when great crowds were thronging the roads to Jerusalem. They were from Judea, Decapolis, Galilee and from beyond Jordan, happy people, eager to spend their great holiday in the city.

In the midst of the crowd walked Jesus, healing the lepers and the paralyzed and casting out the demons from the mentally afflicted. The crowds sought Him out, as the curious will seek out a celebrity, and the Saviour was tired of the pressure. He hesitated about leaving, while He was so eagerly sought, but finally a message came which made up His mind.

John the Baptist, His cousin, had defied Herod and had lost his head when Salome demanded it. In sorrow, Christ had walked apart from the crowd and sought a place to be alone with His grief. He found a grassy spot some distance away from the crowd and there He and His disciples remained for a while.

The curious crowd had heard by this time of the miracles He had performed amongst the individuals in their number and they followed after Him. His disciples tried to turn them away—to send them back to the little villages near by where food and drink might be procured.

By the middle of the afternoon, instead of leaving, some 5,000 pilgrims had clustered about Him. They were weary and hungry and sought some sign from the Master that He would perform a miracle for them, too.

"Give ye them to eat," Christ told His disciples.

It seemed like an impossible command. They had only a 100 dinarii—about two dollars—just enough in those days to supply the meagre wants of the little band of 13 men, and what would happen to them when their slender supply of money ran out?

And as for food: they were in the same predicament as every one else. They just didn't have any.

One of the number, Andrew, had a practical turn of mind. He went among the people seeking those who had food, any food, and by chance he found one young lad whose mother had given him a small lunch that morning. Five loaves and two small fishes, that was all the boy had, but it was food and Andrew brought the lad before the Master.

Wide-eyed, the boy held up his small offering before Jesus and Jesus took it, holding it up and giving thanks.

The crowd was immediately hushed. They knew they were about to witness a great drama and for the moment their disease and their sin was forgotten. Hunger was neither a sin nor a disease. With them it was a universal affliction. Perhaps it was the one bond they had in common—those 5,000 pilgrims. At any rate, they stood in awe, waiting to see what would happen.

"Then He Took the Five Loaves and the Two Fishes, and Looking Up to Heaven, He Blessed Them."
St. Luke: 9. 16

We can only imagine what followed.

From the boy's tiny parcel, Jesus began extracting food which He turned over to His disciples. In His hands, the small hoard of loaves and fishes grew and grew and grew until the disciples had fed all five thousand. Not only fed them, but there was enough left over to fill 12 baskets full!

As the pilgrims ate they pondered at what they had just witnessed. Undoubtedly, this was a miracle of the greatest magnitude. It must have made a spectacular impression upon them, for of all the miracles, it was the best remembered and most completely reported by the disciples.

Perhaps they thought first of the man who in His weariness and sorrow did not forget that men must eat. And that is what I first considered, too, in planning my interpretation of the scene. I have tried to show the weary Saviour, the tired, awestruck pilgrims, the humility of the boy with his wonderful offering, the expectancy of the disciples.

As I look at the painting today, when the Mass of Christ is celebrated over the earth, I think again that we are not too weary, nor too sorrowful, nor too selfish to feed the multitudes; and that as we feed them we must make sure that we give them spiritual food, too, for "he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever."

Truly, that is the spirit of Christmas.

The FILLY that COULDN'T LOSE

By Horace Wade

IF IT hadn't been for the sound judgment and horse sense of a band of wandering gypsies, the greatest mare in the history of the turf probably never would have gone to the post.

Ungainly, ill-formed Kincsem, unbeaten in 54 starts against the best thoroughbreds in Europe, was stolen from an Hungarian estate by the gypsies one night in 1876.

The thieves were rounded up and an aged member of the tribe was tried for the theft.

The owner of the filly thought it strange Kincsem should be chosen above all the magnificent blooded animals on the grounds.

"Why," he inquired, "did you take the ugliest of my herd?"

"This filly may not be as handsome as the others," the old man replied, "but she will prove the greatest of them all."

The owner scoffed at the prophecy, but put the filly, then two, into training. He wasn't even there when she won her first race.

That was the beginning of a phenomenal career that is still unmatched even to this day when fillies and mares like Busher, Twilight Tear, Gallorette, But Why Not and First Flight take turns in showing their flying heels to the fastest opposition.

The story of Kincsem begins in 1874 when the brood mare Waternymph mothered her foal at Prince Paul Esterhazy's estate at Kisbery, Hungary. She was a scrawny, pot-bellied, lop-eared youngster.

Prince Esterhazy was a wealthy nobleman who bred and campaigned thoroughbreds. So ludicrous in appearance was the newcomer that he ordered foal and dam sold at once.

It was quite his greatest mistake.

Another Hungarian sportsman was interested in Waternymph but did not want the foal; it was purely at the insistence of Prince Esterhazy that the new youngster accompanied her mother to her brand-new home, tossed into the deal for nothing.

After running her first race, Kincsem was sent to Hanover, Germany to run in a field which included as good a horse as Double Zero, winner of the German Derby a week previously. The Germans were no less surprised when, after breaking poorly—a habit she cultivated during the following years—she won.

In race after race the despised daughter of Waternymph continued on her victory march in Hamburg, Frankfurt, Baden-Baden and other tracks.

She was the toast of the turf when finally returned to Budapest to be pitched against the best two-year-olds of the year.

In that race she made nervous wrecks of her followers by her unpredictable behavior at the post. Kincsem flatly refused to line up with her field, calmly edging to the side of the track where a patch of grass had attracted her interest.

The starter was finally forced to send the field away without her. Whereupon Kincsem took a final nibble, raised her head, set out after her rivals and caught them in the stretch to win.

Every start was virtually the same.

As a three-year-old Kincsem won 18 races in a miraculous sweep, unprecedented to this day. Among her victories were the St. Leger, the Emperor's Prize, the Austrian Derby, the National Prize, and the Grand Prize of Hanover.

She became the most famous horse in Europe; bookmakers refused to quote odds against her.

With no more worlds to conquer the pot-bellied filly was shipped to Newmarket, England. It was Kincsem's first boat trip and she became violently seasick. She had not fully recovered when she went postward for the Goodwood Cup.

In this race the Prince of Wales, grandfather of the Duke of Windsor, was represented by the great thoroughbred, Pageant, unbeaten over English tracks and the one horse England felt might be capable of snapping Kincsem's winning streak.

At the starting gate Kincsem fell sound asleep while awaiting the starting bell and was left a full dozen lengths behind the field.

Kincsem took out in an apparently hopeless pursuit. Stride by stride she cut the margin of daylight between herself and Pageant to a hands-breath, to a hair-breadth—to nothing. Pageant was game but Kincsem was Kincsem!

Inches separated them, then yards, then — finally — three wide open lengths as Kincsem romped in.

At the age of 14 Kincsem died; her passing was taken as a national calamity. Kincsem's skeleton was subsequently assembled at Kincsem Palace; her hoofs were set in gold.

America can contribute nothing quite as glamorous as Kincsem; probably the closest parallel would be Yo Tambien or Miss Woodford, two of the best mares ever seen on the native turf.

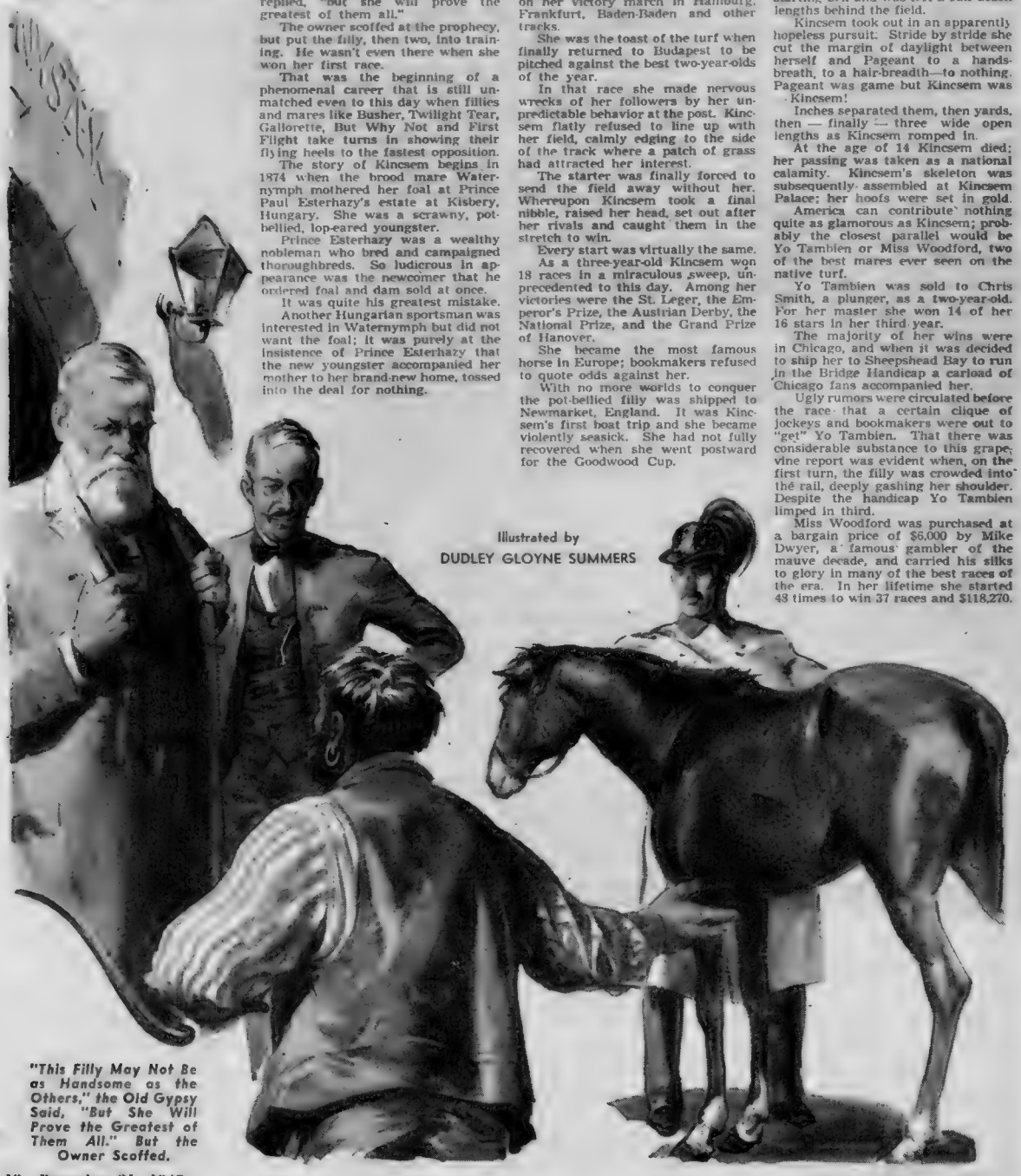
Yo Tambien was sold to Chris Smith, a plunger, as a two-year-old. For her master she won 14 of her 16 stars in her third year.

The majority of her wins were in Chicago, and when it was decided to ship her to Sheepshead Bay to run in the Bridge Handicap a carload of Chicago fans accompanied her.

Ugly rumors were circulated before the race that a certain clique of jockeys and bookmakers were out to "get" Yo Tambien. That there was considerable substance to this grapevine report was evident when, on the first turn, the filly was crowded into the rail, deeply gashing her shoulder. Despite the handicap Yo Tambien limped in third.

Miss Woodford was purchased at a bargain price of $6,000 by Mike Dwyer, a famous gambler of the mauve decade, and carried his silks to glory in many of the best races of the era. In her lifetime she started 48 times to win 37 races and $118,270.

Illustrated by
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS



"This Filly May Not Be as Handsome as the Others," the Old Gypsy Said, "But She Will Prove the Greatest of Them All." But the Owner Scoffed.

Thrill to the Taste

. . . of the big, new, 10c Mars Bar—truly one of the greatest of candy triumphs! Just taste those extra thick heaps of fine, pure milk chocolate . . . packed with crunchy-fresh, crisp, toasted almonds. . . all over a soft, nougat center that is creamy-smooth and rich. The next time you are hungry for fine candy, just try

MARS

She Wouldn't Take NO!

But Hope Skillman Had to Spend Five Years of Battling the Smug Prejudices of an All-Male Industry, Before She Became a "Working Girl With Big Ideas"

By Sam Shulsky

FOR WEEKS Hope Skillman, a pretty young blonde, had been trudging up and down Worth Street, New York City, textile capital of the world, looking for her big chance.

Today that chance has been turned into outstanding success, with Hope Skillman heading the first all-women firm in the hitherto all-men cotton converting industry. But on that day in 1943, with nothing but disappointment behind her and the prospect of disappointment ahead, she had to drive herself to keep on.

She was tired, and she was disgusted with the supercilious, smug men who gave her the invariable answer: "This is no business for a lady!"

She entered the sales office of a large southern mill and sought out the manager. One look at him and hope flickered again. At least he looked as if he had manners enough to listen.

Eagerly she launched into her story. She wanted to buy cotton goods in the raw, gray state, have them finished and colored to her taste and sell them to dress manufacturers. In other words, she wanted to be what is professionally known as a cotton converter.

The manager heard her out, studiously attentive. He knew what a tough, two-fisted, highly competitive and heart-breaking job converting is. Certainly no job for this thoroughly feminine creature talking to him! Why was it women always wanted to enter a man's exclusive field?

But Hope Skillman saw none of these thoughts in his face. Instead he smiled and came up with the only polite excuse he could think of: "You don't look very strong to me. You know, converting is a hard business."

His visitor exploded! She couldn't stand another answer like that! Her cheeks flaming, she flexed her biceps. "Feel that muscle!" she ordered. The manager did.

There was a moment of silence. Then he said abruptly:

"Tell you what... I'll let you have 10,000 yards."

Before Hope could faint he went on:

"About 25 years ago I let a young woman have some goods and she turned out to be the biggest manufacturer of cotton wash dresses in the country. That was the only time I ever sold goods to a woman. This is the second. Good luck!"

Hope Skillman, Prominent Converter and Designer of Cotton Fabrics.

The manager's faith in Hope Skillman has been more than justified. In the nearly five years since their conversation took place, Skillman, Inc., all-women firm organized by the first woman to brave an exclusively masculine domain, has risen to a prominent spot in the industry.

Making good use of her sense of color and design and her merchandising ability, she has elevated cotton fabrics to the level of party, street, dinner, cocktail, and even opera wear.

From the outset it was a difficult feat. Her first job had been on a magazine as art critic. Then she had switched to a large textile concern learning the business from the ground up and becoming head of its cotton division.

This job she had quit for a subordinate one with a dress manufacturer in order to learn the mechanics of that trade. Oh, yes, Hope Skillman had the background for her new venture, but you can't operate an enterprise without cash, and there wasn't much of that on hand. Nor was there much prospect of an immediate golden rainbow.

She took a closet-size office with no window. Her artist-husband, whom she'd married after graduating from Goucher College, Baltimore, painted in a window and then, because goods were so scarce, added an angel flying through it carrying a bolt of cloth.

She put in plenty of work, from 7:30 in the morning to eight at night, but the bills kept piling up. Even when she found a banker who'd listen to her, she had to answer a lot of questions not generally put to business executives:

"Are you married?" "Yes." "Happily married?" "Yes." "What is your husband's business?" "He's an artist." A long pause. Then, hopefully: "A commercial artist?" "No." His paintings are displayed in art galleries."

For a while it looked as if Skillman, Inc., was doomed to failure. Imagine a banker financing the wife of a "Bohemian!" A check of her husband's solvency, however, resulted in the loan.

After that she had to battle to get the quality of goods she wanted, have them woven and printed the way she wanted and, finally, talk dress designers into dropping their prejudice against cotton for quality dresses.

When things got tough she worked harder than ever. Gradually she caught on and the men converters who had pooh-poohed her initial venture were outspoken in admiration.

Today, Skillman, Inc., occupies a suite of offices in a Broadway skyscraper and her husband's murals cover the establishment's walls. Her staff is large—and they're all women.

Last August she enjoyed positive proof she had really arrived. The National Cotton Congress, composed of between 300 and 400 top men in the cotton industry, invited her to address the annual convention—the first woman ever to do so.

She gave a stirring talk on cotton as a high style textile, told the delegates they were behind the times. She showed them how a couple of yards of cotton could be transformed into a $150 gown. They listened and applauded.

Some of the world's most famous couturiers—Omar Kiam, Tina Leser, Pauline Trigere, Claire McCardell, Adele Simpson—buy her products. Once she flew fine cottons by helicopter from a Rhode Island mill to the liner America as it started for Europe. The material was taken to Paris, made up into original gowns by the celebrated Pierre Balmain and brought back on the same vessel to be displayed and sold in a single day at a fashionable Boston store.

Every year she makes cross-country trips to lecture in stores, at fashion shows, or wherever she can promote the use of high-style cottons. Hope Skillman doesn't have to trudge Worth Street any more. Now Worth Street comes to her.

THE REAL Einstein

By Philipp Frank, Ph. D.

Research Associate, Department of Physics, Harvard University Author of the Best Seller, "Einstein — His Life and Times"

WHEN I became Einstein's successor at the University of Prague I was curious to learn how his students, boys and girls of about 20 years, had been impressed by his personality. They were eager to tell me their reactions.

The first thing Einstein told them was that he had no office hours and that every boy and girl may consult him at any hour.

"The work that really matters," he told them, "is my thinking about the laws of nature. When some one of you interrupts me it is a pleasant change, and I continue rather refreshed. Often I am stimulated by the questions of young people."

When I asked the students about examinations they smiled happily, although a little sheepishly. All examinations in Prague were oral, and should a candidate offer an erroneous answer Einstein would try to explain to him why the answer was erroneous and to guide him toward the correct answer. In his zeal to help, Einstein often forgot that he was quizzing in order to find the weak spots of the candidate.

When Einstein came into a physics laboratory as a famous foreign visitor he asked the working students for their special problems. While most distinguished visitors would restrict themselves to a perfunctory, "Thank you, how interesting," Einstein would give the students individual advice which really helped them.

While investigating how Einstein had impressed the faculty I found that everyone was under the impact of his personal charm and sense of humor. However, there were some faculty wives who regretted that such a great man would humble himself to occasionally wheel his baby's perambulator in a park, sit upon a bench meditating about nature, and watch the baby. According to their opinions this humble behavior did not fit a professor of the "imperial and royal university."

Some Faculty Wives Regretted That Such a Great Man Would Humble Himself by Sitting Occasionally on a Park Bench Meditating About Nature, and Watching the Baby.

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

There are people who are polite to higher-ups and discourteous to subordinates. Einstein behaved in exactly the same friendly and humorous way to everyone, whatever may be his wealth or rank. He could even afford to be friendly to prime ministers and royalty without losing his poise.

Einstein was once a member of a committee which decided on appointments in the institutions of higher learning by a majority vote. As in all bodies of this type there was a great deal of political horse trading. Einstein's purely human approach was in striking contrast to that bartering. When I replaced him in this committee he told me:

"If you have a sense of humor, don't miss any meeting. You will save money for theatre tickets.

"There are two parties which conceal their political barter by high sounding slogans."

A great many people fail to grasp the deeply humane background of the scientist's work because they confuse the pure scientist with the applied scientist or engineer.

The pure scientist develops simple and comprehensible laws by which all events in nature are ruled. Examples are the law of inertia, the conservation of energy, and the principle of relativity. The existence of such simple laws, without which the engineer could not construct any engine, is an amazing fact of nature.

"The most incomprehensible thing about the world," said Einstein, "is that it is comprehensible." The awe inspired by this ability of man to utilize nature makes him feel humble and great. It is, according to Einstein, the basis of cosmic religion and of the dignity of man.

Einstein once told me, "There are more clergymen who are interested in the theory of relativity than physicists." When I asked, "Why?" he answered that clergymen are often interested in the general laws of nature while many physicists are not.

This belief in the dignity of man makes Einstein an implacable enemy of all attempts to make an automaton of a human being as it has been done, above all, by the totalitarian governments.

He has detested violence of any kind and would never participate in the hunting of living beings in which other people found pleasure.

Einstein has never cared to have animals for pets because he disliked the idea of having a living creature "enslaved" in his home. His sister, however, who has been living with him in Princeton, has always been very fond of cats and birds. Because of Einstein's feeling of kindness toward animals and his sister's fondness for them he has become accustomed to their company and enjoys it.

Einstein's deep sympathy with all handicapped human beings was responsible for the fact that he occasionally took as his assistant a student who was unable to get a job because of an unpleasant appearance. Einstein believed that a man should not be penalized for his unhandsome features if he was an able scientist.

But among all examples of Einstein's kindly attitude toward underprivileged people there is one case which I shall never forget. He received a letter from a 17-year-old girl in Romania whose parents were honest, hard working people, but who could not afford to send her to college or even to prep school. The girl had an ardent love for science and wanted the chance to study.

She wrote to Einstein in the United States and gave some proof of her ability. When she obtained a scholarship Einstein wrote to me asking me to help this girl to be admitted to the University of Prague although she did not quite meet all of the school's entrance requirements.

By almost incredibly hard work she succeeded in passing the entrance examinations during her freshman year at the university. Einstein guided her by letters from Princeton in the choice of her curriculum. Moreover, when she had a special problem in science he gave her elaborate advice. Occasionally when there was some argument among the students and instructors the girl could bring the argument to a conclusion by pointing out something from Einstein's letters.

She was cheered by his letters for her hard work, and lost her inferiority complex to become one of the best science students at the university. As a matter of fact, she's never met Einstein but he has been her guardian angel through correspondence.

CASE OF

By Peter Levins

She Was to Become Known as the Most Beautiful Woman in Chicago's Murderess' Row, but in the Beginning She Was a Voice Shrieking Over the Phone.

SHE was to become known as the most beautiful woman ever housed in Chicago's Murderess' Row.

She was to become known as the prototype of Roxie Hart, in the play, "Chicago," which was written by Maurine Watkins.

But in the beginning she was only a voice shrieking over the phone.

"I've just killed a man!"

This startling announcement reached Sergt. John O'Grady at the Wabash Ave. police station late the afternoon of April 3, 1924. Along with the woman's voice O'Grady heard a phonograph playing a gay fox-trot.

The phonograph was still playing when detectives arrived at the scene, a small apartment on East 46th St.

"I did it," said the girl who admitted them.

But, although they saw blood on her hands, this seemed hard to believe. She seemed too pretty. In addition to her other attractions lovely slim figure, large, appealing blue eyes, fair skin and bobbed red hair—she possessed and knew how to use a soft southern drawl.

"He's in here," she said, leading the way to a bedroom.

There, hunched against the wall with a bullet wound in his back, lay a man in his shirt-sleeves. He was dead.

The girl identified herself as Mrs. Beulah May Annan, 23, a part-time cashier in a laundry on 49th St. She said the man was Harry Kalstedt, 29, a wagon driver in the employ of the same laundry. Then she went on to explain, tearfully, why she had shot him.

"In the back?" one officer inquired.

"He came here this afternoon and made himself at home," she said, apparently unaware of the question. "I hardly knew him, and yet he made improper advances.

"I told him I would shoot. He kept coming toward me anyway, so there was nothing else for me to do but shoot him."

It had happened at 2 o'clock. After it happened, she continued, she couldn't think of anything to do but play the phonograph.

"I was terribly nervous, and my mind was in a whirl. I sat down and started wondering what my husband,' Albert, would say when he came home and found a body here.

"Finally, at 10 minutes to 5, I decided to phone Albert at the garage on Baltimore Ave. where he works. I kept calling numbers but I couldn't seem to remember his. Then it occurred to me that I could look it up in the book.

"I went over to the desk and got a piece of paper which had Albert's name on it. Finally I got him and told him that I had shot a man."

AT THIS point, a young man who appeared to have materialized from nowhere interrupted.

"She didn't do it—I did it," he said.

"This is Albert, my husband," said Beulah.

"She didn't do it," he repeated. "I came home and found this guy going after her. It was me that shot him."

"Albert, don't talk like a fool," Beulah exclaimed. She assured the detectives that Albert was just trying to protect her.

Later, during questioning at Hyde Park station, she changed her story. This alteration came after Assistant State's Attorneys Roy Woods, William F. McLaughlin and Bert Cronson admitted to her that they were puzzled by discrepancies.

What about the empty glasses, and empty gin and wine bottles? What about the fact that Kalstedt had been shot in the back?

Beulah smiled and said, "You're right, it didn't happen quite the way I told it."

The fact was, she said, that she had been somewhat more friendly with Kalstedt than she had previously admitted. Indeed, she had been "fooling around" with him for some two months.

"This morning, as soon as Albert left for work, Harry called me up," she related. "I told him I wouldn't be home, but he came over anyway.

"We sat around for quite a while, drinking. Then I said, in a joking way, that I wasn't going to have anything more to do with him. I told him about a fellow named Billy who had a car.

"That got under Harry's skin. He said he was through with me, and started to put on his coat. I realized then that he meant what he said. My mind went into a whirl. I saw that I actually was going to lose him. Then I shot him."

Woods, McLaughlin and Cronson waited for her to continue. They still seemed puzzled.

"Harry said to me, 'Beulah, you've shot me,' and started to fall. I said, 'No, you're all right; you're not shot.' I put my arms around him.

"Then he fell against the wall, and I fainted."

The officials waited.

"I fainted," she repeated, as though she expected somebody to give her an argument.

"Then what happened?" McLaughlin asked.

"I came to, and realized that the phonograph was still going, but the record had run down. Without thinking, I went to it and started it over again. I couldn't stand the quiet."

The officials nodded. Here, at least, was something they could understand.

"I went to the bathroom and washed my hands," she continued. "Then I brought back a wash-cloth and wiped Harry's face. He wasn't dead yet."

"It didn't occur to you to call a doctor?" Cronson inquired.

She shook her head. "I kissed him a few times, then had to go back and start the record again."

"All the time he was dying, you played the phonograph?" asked Woods.

"I guess I didn't know what I was doing," she explained. "I just kept going back and forth between the living room and the bedroom, playing the phonograph. Finally I phoned Albert. He believed me when I said that Harry had forced his way in. He told me I ought to call the police right away, and I did."

"Harry had been dead quite a while by that time?" Woods asked.

"That's right."

Beulah May Annan, who was to be called a "20th Century Salome," remained in custody pending further investigation. After a good night's sleep and a consultation with an attorney, she announced that she would like to relate still another version of what had happened.

KALSTEDT, she said, had served a prison sentence for a statutory offense. She had called him a "jailbird," she said and he had resented it.

"'You can't call me a name like that,' he yelled, and started for the bedroom," she went on. "I knew that there was only one thing he could have been going into the bedroom for—the gun."

She said that the gun was there in plain sight. It had been under a pillow, but the pillow had been turned back and the gun "showed."

"I ran, too," she said.

"For the gun?" McLaughlin asked.

"That's right."

"Why didn't he reach the gun first?"

"Good reason," she replied. "I shot him!"

Beulah May turned up for the inquest in a fawn-colored gown and a brown hat. On advice of counsel, William Scott Stewart, she declined to testify.

Powdering her nose from time to time, she told reporters the meager details of her background. Daughter of a farmer living near Owensboro, Ky., she had married a linotype operator named Perry Stephens at the age of 16, and had a baby. Then she divorced Stephens, left her child with his paternal grandparents, and shifted to Louisville, where she married Annan in 1920. Soon afterwards, she and Albert moved to Chicago.

"Albert got a job as a garage mechanic," she said, "and I went to work for the laundry, where I met Harry. I guess it was too bad I ever met Harry. If I hadn't, he'd probably still be alive."

THE Afternoon Caller

Ordered held for trial, the comely suspect took up quarters in Murderess' Row, where six other women already resided. None of them seemed especially concerned about the future until one, Elizabeth Unkafer, received a life sentence for killing her sweetheart, Sam Boltschoff.

"YOU can blame the whole thing on the fact that my lawyers wanted me to act crazy, and I wouldn't," she explained. "Suppose I acted crazy, and the jury decided I belonged in a nut-house. They'd lock me up with a lot of lunatics!

"I had a better idea. I suggested that they take me to the corner of State and Madison, and shoot me there. I wanted them to give everyone a front seat. But instead they give me life!"

But Beulah May did not seem to be worried. Gifts poured in to her from the outside world — flowers, food, pretty clothes.

"I'll win in a walk," she predicted as she went on trial before Judge Lindsay on May 22, 1924.

Her trial costume was a dress of blue twill, tied at the side with a moire bow.

"A fresh marcel gave her auburn curls a halo," wrote one reporter. "Her blue eyes blinked demurely in the glare of klieg lights as newsreel cameramen—admitted to the court for the first time—ground away."

Thus far in the case, Beulah May had cited three versions of the tragedy.

In the trial she had another tale to tell.

Questioned by Attorney Stewart, one of the most successful defense lawyers in the nation especially in this type of case, her courtroom story went as follows, with the 12 good men and true hanging on her every word:

Q. Tell the court and jury the first time you saw this man Harry Kalstedt on April 3. A. At 10 minutes to 8 in the morning.

Q. Now tell what happened, Beulah May. A. I heard a knock at the back screen door. I opened the inner door and there he stood.

Q. Were you glad to see him? A. Oh no, sir! He seemed to be intoxicated.

Q. You wanted him to go away? A. Yes. But he came in and said to me, "I hate to do this but I need money. I have to get some wine."

Q. And then? A. I said, "How much do you need?" And he replied, "Six dollars." I told him I didn't have it. Then he said, "How much have you got?" I went into the bedroom and got my pocketbook.

Q. You gave him money? A. I gave him a dollar, and he left, and I went to work.

Q. DID you see him later that day? A. Yes, at about 2 that afternoon or a little later.

Q. What was his condition at that time? A. He was drunker—more intoxicated than when he came in the morning. I begged him to go, but he pulled me down on the couch, saying, "Let's have a little drink first." So, thinking he would leave, we had a drink.

Q. Then what? A. Still he wouldn't go, although I begged him to and told him my husband might come home.

Q. What was his reply to that? A. That didn't seem to bother him at all. I guess he was too drunk to realize that he might be—well, in danger. Finally, hoping to scare him off, I said I was going to call my husband. I said, "If my husband came in here now, he would kill you, maybe kill both of us."

Q. And then? A. He said, "Where is the ——— ——— gun?" And with that we both moved toward the bedroom.

Q. Had you been in the bedroom before, that afternoon of April 3? A. No, sir.

Q. Was the bed visible from the hall? A. Yes.

Q. Tell what happened? A. We were almost at the bed. He grabbed for the gun, and I jerked the gun away. He said, "——— you, I'll kill you."

Q. Did he make any move then? A. He came toward me with his hand up.

Q. What did you do? A. I pushed his right shoulder with my left hand.

Q. Did you gather that you were in danger of receiving bodily harm? A. I certainly did, yes.

Q. To go back a bit, Beulah May—tell what was said from the time Kalstedt came in. A. He came to the door and said, "Are you alone?" Then he stepped into the reception hall. He had a package under his arm. "I've brought you some wine," he said, and offered me a drink. As he unwrapped the package, I said, "Don't start anything like that. You've had enough to drink, and my husband is liable to come home."

Q. What did he say to that? A. He said, "To hell with your husband! What do I care about him?" Then he took off his hat and overcoat, saying, "Just one drink, and I'll go."

She went on to say that he walked to the phonograph and put on a record. She said that he first invited her to dance, then suggested that they go into the bedroom.

Q. Yes? A. I said no, so we played the victrola and had some liquor. He went to the couch and sat down. I sat beside him and tried to reason with him. I said, "Pull yourself together. My husband will be coming home."

Then she said, according to her story, "Well, then, there's something else. If nothing else will stop you, this will. I told him that I—that I—"

SHE seemed unable to go on. Her eyes dropped in maidenly embarrassment.

"Yes?" Stewart encouraged. "You told him—?"

She directed her large blue eyes toward the jurymen and replied, "I told him that I was going to have a baby."

Stewart rushed to her side, for she seemed on the verge of fainting. The newsreel cameramen remained in full possession of their faculties.

Presently, having calmed down and powdered her nose, she continued:

"I said, 'You'll go back to the penitentiary if you don't leave me alone.' He said, 'You'll never send me back there.' I said, 'I'll tell my mother.' He said, 'You're afraid.' I said, 'I'll take this gun and shoot you!' He said, 'Where is the ——— ——— gun?'"

Q. What happened after you shot him? A. He fell.

Q. Tell what you did then. A. I—I heard the needle scratching on the record. The record had stopped playing, but the needle was scratching, so I picked it up. I went into the bedroom and and I don't know what I did.

Illustrated by JULES GOTLIEB

Q. You were dazed? A. I seemed to lose all reason. I went over to where he was lying, and sat beside him to see if he was dead. I felt his hand and his face. I don't know how long. I knew I had to call somebody, so I tried to get my husband. Finally I got him.

Q. Was he the next person who came in? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What did he do? A. He saw Kalstedt's clothes—his coat and overcoat—lying there. He couldn't bear to look at them. I think he took them into the bedroom.

Q. Was Police Sergeant Torpy the next person who came in? A. Yes.

She then told how she was taken to the police station, and later back to the flat, where she was questioned by officers.

Q. Had Kalstedt ever been to your home before this day? A. Oh no!

Q. Had you been on any parties with him or to any place of amusement? A. No, sir.

Stewart turned her over to Assistant State's Attorney McLaughlin for cross-examination.

Q. Where were you when you were having this argument? A. I was sitting on the couch.

Q. You say he was sitting near the center of the couch? A. Yes.

Q. Where were you sitting? A. At the end, near the door.

Q. What was taking place on the couch? A. We were talking about his going. I asked him to go, and he said, "I will later."

Q. YOU knew what he was trying to accomplish? A. Yes, he asked me to go into the bedroom.

Q. Had he made advances before? A. Yes.

Q. Had he tried force? A. He said, "Come into the bedroom," and had his hand on my arm.

Q. But you went over and sat on the couch with him? A. Yes, I was begging him to leave.

Q. Then what occurred? A. I said, "Harry, pull yourself together before my husband comes."

Q. When he first came, where did he go? A. Into the bedroom.

Q. Did you go into the bedroom? A. No, sir.

Q. While you were talking, did you say that if your husband came he would shoot him? A. Yes, I said he was liable to kill us both, and he said, "Where is that ——— ——— gun?"

Q. Then what occurred? A. I got up and started to go to the telephone to call my husband, and he started for the bedroom.

Q. Did you go into the bedroom? A. Yes.

Q. Who was first? A. He was one step ahead.

Q. Why did you go to the bedroom? A. He was going to shoot me.

Q. Did he get to the door first? A. Yes, one side of it.

Q. Was the gun in sight on the bed? A. Yes.

Q. How did you beat him to it? A. He lunged for it, and I grabbed it.

Q. Where was the gun? A. Two or three feet from the head of the bed.

Q. How did you get past him? A. The gun was the same distance from both of us.

She related that after she got the gun, Kalstedt rushed at her "with both hands up."

Q. What happened next? A. I shot him.

She insisted that she had not played the phonograph after the shooting, although blood had been found on the records and crank. She held that all previous versions were wrong.

The jury needed only a minimum amount of time to find her not guilty.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" she exclaimed as she pressed each eager hand.

TWO YEARS later, she brought suit for divorce against her husband with the explanation that he was "too slow."

Actually, Albert had deserted her, according to the papers, on the day Harry Kalstedt died.

"I'm through with men," Beulah told reporters as she emerged from court with her decree. "I'll never marry again."

Then she eloped to Crown Point, Ind., with Edward Harlib, a former pugilist.

When asked what her plans were, she said she and her new husband were going to build a cottage in Barrington. They were terribly happy, looking forward to having their love nest filled with darling babies.

But again fate ruled otherwise.

No love nest ensued, nor any babies. Another woman claimed to be Harlib's wife, with the result that Beulah divorced him within a year.

A year later she herself died of tuberculosis under an assumed name in a Chicago sanitarium.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

Christmas in the country is a pleasure • that everyone would enjoy . . . but wherever you are, you can relax and enjoy life with Miller High Life.

Miller's
HIGH LIFE
The Champagne of Bottle Beer

MILLER BREWING COMPANY • MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Letters to the Editor

I AM especially interested in your series "Heroines of Literature" and, as a teacher of senior English in the Union-Endicott High School, I'd like the entire series for my classroom bulletin board . . . The paintings and articles are excellent and can be of great value in our high schools if they are brought to the attention of teachers and administrators.

Betty E. Wyke
Endicott, N. Y.

(A complete set of magazines containing "Heroines of Literature" has been sent to teacher Wyke—Ed.)

* * *

I am secretary of a group of Alcoholics Anonymous with a very large membership and would appreciate as many copies as you can spare of your "My Faith" booklet. This is the most discussed problem in our group, and I know that I can make good use of the booklets. . . .

Harry M. Draggoo
Philadelphia, Pa.

(Copies of the "My Faith" booklet have been sent to Mr. Draggoo—Ed.)

* * *

May we have permission to reprint your interesting article, "Revolt in the Classroom," in a forthcoming issue of the Teachers' Digest Magazine?

Allen Carpenter, Editor
Chicago, Ill.

(Permission granted. —Ed.)

* * *

I was keenly interested in your recent story, "Packaged Weddings," by Ursula Trow, as I am planning on getting married shortly. Could you furnish me with the address of Mrs. Calla Caroe, who specializes in these budget weddings?

Kay Masterson
Bronx, N. Y.

(Mrs. Calla Caroe can be reached at the Shelton Hotel, New York, N.Y.—Ed.)

* * *

Dean Cornwell's article, "The Decadence of Modern Art," hits the nail right on the head. Under the guise of "self-expression" and "abstract art," many pseudo-artists of international renown are covering up their clumsiness and inability to do better. It's about time the public caught on. The art of a nation reflects its moral health or decline.

Jasoni Martin
Parma, Italy

* * *

I have a scrapbook filled with clippings from The American Weekly's household pages. . . . I especially liked the article "Exercises for the Busy Housewife"

Mrs. Alfred Hahn
Lynn, Mass.

* * *

I'd like to tell you that I think your magazine tops them all. I particularly like the stories by John Erskine

Catherine Mandala
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

May we have permission to reprint your interesting article, "Redeemed by a Song," in a future issue of Music Magazine, along with the accompanying art work?

F. W. McAdam, Editor
Cleveland, Ohio

(Permission granted. Ed.)

* * *

Our editors have read with great interest your recent story concerning the little Negro girl, Adrian Gordon, entitled "Slowing Down a Genius." We would like to reprint this story in the Negro Digest.

John H. Johnson, Publisher
Chicago, Ill.

(Permission granted —Ed.)

* * *

I would like to get your series of articles entitled "The Destiny of Man" to put in my file on psychology . . . and six copies of your "My Faith" booklet to be passed to some of the members of a club to which I belong.

Blanche Rogers
Cleveland, Ohio

(The material reader Rogers requested has been sent to her—Ed.)

* * *

I'm writing in regard to your recent story, "The Millionth Yank," about Sgt. Paul Shimer. Being a first cousin of Paul's father, and a member of the Shimer clan of McConnellsburg, Pa. for nearly four-score years, I know all members of the group and their forebears. I am seeking to obtain copies of your story.

Rev. George M. Shimer
St. Paul's Meth. Church
Smithburg, Md.

(Rev. Shimer has been sent copies of the story about his relative.—Ed.)

* * *

Our English class is studying the period of literature when romances in verse flourished. I have enjoyed your tales of King Arthur's court, "Geraint and Enid," and also the lovely paintings by Willy Pogany.

Jean Michel
Portland, Ore.

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Hollywood Heaven for Orphans

BENEATH the make-believe and glamour of Hollywood nothing is so real as the love and care the movie folk have lavished upon their adopted children. Many a homeless waif has been given an enviable start in life—in a home which can provide the best—thanks to the big heart of Hollywood.

It's not surprising, either, that there are more movieland homes waiting for children to adopt than there are children available. For the record shows that these youngsters have brought their foster parents as much happiness as they, in turn, have received. Susan Peters, who made a film comeback though confined to a wheelchair by a crippling accident, already has adopted one boy and is now looking for another boy and a girl.

For a heart-warming story about a little-publicized facet of film life, don't miss "Hollywood Heaven for Orphans" next week.

* * *

LAST year in New York City, 77 people lost their lives in accidental deaths due to sleeping pills. In Los Angeles the toll was 14; in Washington, D. C., 5, and in Boston, 16. All over the country many more narrowly escaped the same fate.

Despite repeated attempts to regulate their sale, sleeping pills continue to be a menace to life and health. For the latest picture of the tragedy they can bring, read "More Victims for the Devil's Capsules" in next week's American Weekly.

don't let Dry Skin make you look older

new Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream

- discourages tiny dry-skin lines
- softens flaky, rough skin
- gives a fresher, younger look

BEWARE! Dry skin brings deeper lines, flaking . . . may make you look years older than you are!

Here's a cream with proven powers to combat dryness. Rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits—plus four more special skin softeners to smooth dry skin. Apply overnight, or for just 15 daytime minutes. Get your Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream today!

Stop Scratching
Check Itch In A Jiffy

Serious infection is often caused by digging at or scratching itching skin. For quick soothing relief from itching caused by eczema, pimples, factory itch, athlete's foot, dermatitis and other itch troubles use Dr. Dennis' formula—cooling, medicated, liquid D.D.D Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Trial bottle, 35c. The first application positively checks that cruel, burning itch, or your money back. Don't suffer! Ask your druggist today for—

D.D.D. *Prescription*

If you're wondering what to have for Christmas Dinner, let the recipes on the Household Almanac page come to your rescue. You can plan a whole menu of delicious dishes or you can select one dish and use it to highlight a dinner made up of your own favorites.

JIT-JIT JITTERY NERVES

Try MILES NERVINE

When your nerves occasionally get Jit-Jit-Jittery try Miles NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores—two forms—Liquid Nervine or Effervescent Tablets.

NERVINE

Doctor's Invisible Liquid
Promptly Relieves Itchy Skin Rash!

The first applications of Zemo—a Doctor's wonderful stainless, *invisible* antiseptic promptly relieve itching, burning of Skin Rashes, Eczema, Pimples and similar surface skin and scalp irritations. Zemo ALSO aids healing. Backed by amazing record of *continuous* success! First trial convinces. ZEMO

WANT THE WORLD'S BEST PILOT TRAINING PLUS PAY?

JOIN THE AVIATION CADETS!

Yes, the Cadets are flying again—offering to men who want to learn to fly a chance which cannot be duplicated anywhere else at any price. If you become an Aviation Cadet, you receive training worth $35,000 per man. You fly under the watchful eyes of skilled instructors. You begin with easy-to-fly airplanes and advance, as you learn, all the way up to the latest and most complicated craft in U. S. Air Force hangars.

What about your future? You can answer that yourself by taking a look at any airport in the country. The activity you see there today . . . larger, faster commercial transports, improved private airplanes, trail-blazing military planes . . . is only a faint indication of what is on the way in modern aviation. And the man who learns to fly now widens his opportunities tremendously. There will be plenty of jobs—well-paid, secure and interesting—for the man who gets the jump on the field by starting his career early.

If you're single, between 20 and 26½ years old, and have completed at least one-half the requirements for a degree from an accredited college or university (or pass an equivalent Air Force examination), you may be qualified for an Aviation Cadet appointment. Men completing training are commissioned Second Lieutenants, Officers Reserve Corps, and assigned to active pilot duty with the U. S. Air Force. While on active duty as Reserve Officers they are entitled to $500 bonus per year. Or they may apply for Regular Air Force Commissions. If you want the same kind of training and experience that has made thousands of men successful in aviation, ask for full details on the Aviation Cadet program at your nearest U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Station or Air Force Base.

U. S. ARMY AND U. S. AIR FORCE RECRUITING SERVICE

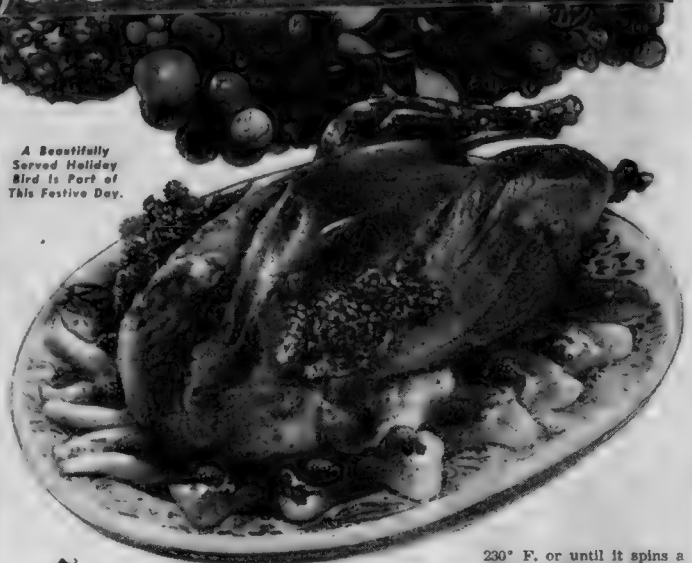
SOLO DAY *for an Aviation Cadet rivals graduation day*

CAREERS WITH A FUTURE

U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force

YOUR ARMY AND AIR FORCE SERVE THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE

Household Almanac — Amy Alden



A Beautifully Served Holiday Bird Is Part of This Festive Day.

Christmas Dinner

IF you're wondering what to have for Christmas Dinner, let these recipes come to your rescue. From them you can plan a whole menu of delicious dishes, or you can select one dish and use it to highlight a dinner made up of your own favorites.

For your convenience we've included temperature charts for roasting both capon and goose and a nice stuffing for capon.

The panned oysters make an excellent beginning for a festive dinner, and there is a good choice of vegetables, each fixed in a different way. The peas and celery with their special seasonings can be served plain or used to stuff scooped-out tomatoes that are baked for a few minutes. The combination of turnips and carrots has an unusual flavor that is brought out by a sprinkling of parsley.

For a good dessert the frozen mold of rum mousse is velvety and rich tasting, so a small portion will go a long way after a good holiday dinner.

Panned Oysters

3 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
2 doz. large raw oysters, drained
2 tsps. minced onion
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
⅛ tsp. paprika
¼ cup light cream
1 tsp. minced parsley
6 slices buttered toast

Melt butter in a skillet, then add well-drained oysters, onion, salt, pepper and paprika. Cook over low heat until the edges of the oysters just begin to curl — about 3 to 5 minutes. Add the cream and parsley. Heat and serve on buttered toast. Makes 4 generous servings.

Peas and Celery

2 cups diced celery
1 tsp. salt
¾ cup boiling water
2½ cups cooked or canned peas
3 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
3 tbsps. light cream
Speck pepper

Combine celery, salt and boiling water in a saucepan and cook, covered, until celery is tender—about 20 min. Drain, then add peas and butter; heat thoroughly. Add cream and pepper just before removing from heat. Serves 6.

Or, make ½ recipe, omitting cream, and use to stuff 6 medium tomatoes scooped out, the insides of which have been sprinkled with salt. Bake in a moderately hot oven of 375° for 25 min. Serves 6.

Baked Capon Dressing

2 loaves stale bread, soaked in water and squeezed dry
½ cup celery, chopped
¼ cup parsley, cut
1 onion, chopped fine
2 eggs, beaten
½ cup butter or margarine, melted
½ tsp. sage
¾ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 cup stuffed green olives, chopped

Melt butter, saute onion, celery until golden brown. Squeeze bread quite dry, add all other ingredients, blending in well the two beaten eggs. Place in greased casserole, bake at 300° F. for 1 hour.

Apple and Raisin Stuffing

1 cup onion, minced
3 cups apples, diced
7 cups bread crumbs
1 cup seedless raisins
1½ tsps. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
¼ cup granulated sugar
½ cup butter or margarine, melted

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Stuff crop and body cavity of a goose weighing about 10 lbs.

Parsleyed Turnips and Carrots

3 cups diced or slivered raw white turnips
3 cups diced or slivered raw carrots
4 tbsps. butter or margarine, melted
2 tbsps. minced parsley
½ tsp. salt
Speck pepper

Cook turnips and carrots together in ½" boiling salted water, covered, for 20 min., or until tender. Drain. Meanwhile, melt butter, and add remaining ingredients. Pour over vegetables and mix lightly with a fork. Serves 6.

Nut Bonnets

1½ ozs. blue cheese
3 ozs. cream cheese
½ cup Brazil nuts, chopped
40 large potato chips

Cream cheese together; put small mound in center of each potato chip; sprinkle with nuts. Bake in oven at 300° F. 10 min. Serve hot.

Molded Rum Mousse

¾ cup granulated sugar
½ cup water
2 egg yolks
½ to ⅔ cup Jamaica rum
2 egg whites
2 cups heavy cream

Boil sugar and water to 230° F. or until it spins a thread. While this is cooking, beat egg yolks until lemon-colored. Remove sugar and water from heat, then add to egg yolks slowly, beating constantly with egg beater until cool. Add rum, beating well. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry, and fold into mixture. Lastly fold in the cream which has been whipped stiff. Turn into a 1 qt. covered mold. Then cover with waxed paper and fit on the cover over the paper. Now wind a strip of cloth dipped in melted paraffin around lower edge of cover to keep brine from seeping into cream mixture. Bury the mold in a mixture of 1 part of crushed ice to 1 part of ice cream salt, having the ice and salt mixture below, on the sides, and above the mold. Let stand for 4 hrs., draining off melted ice and adding more ice and salt. When frozen, dip mold in warm water for a second. Remove cover and invert on a serving dish.

Peppermints

1 egg white
1½ tsps. cold water
About 2¼ cups sifted confectioners' sugar
6 drops oil peppermint

Put egg white and water in bowl. Beat until well blended, add gradually sugar to make a fondant that can be easily handled. Knead smooth. Then add peppermint and roll into balls ½ in. in diameter. Makes 18.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

TEMPERATURE-TIME TABLE FOR ROASTING CAPON

Use uncovered roaster Add no water Do not baste Do not turn

Drawn weight (Minus head, feet and organs)	Temperature of Oven	Approx. Time per lb.
6-7 lbs.	325° F.	35 min.

To Test for Doneness: Shortly before capon is to be done, grasp end of leg bone. If thigh joint moves easily, bird is done. Or drumstick meat should be very soft when pressed between fingers. Do not pierce meat with fork.

TEMPERATURE-TIME TABLE FOR ROASTING GOOSE

Use uncovered roaster Add no water Do not baste Do not turn

Drawn weight (Minus head, feet and organs)	Temperature of Oven	Approx. Time per lb.
7-8 lbs.	325° F.	30 min.
11 lbs.	325° F.	26 min.

To Test for Doneness: Shortly before goose is to be done, grasp end of leg bone. If thigh joint moves easily, bird is done. Or drumstick meat should be very soft when pressed between fingers. Do not pierce meat with fork.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

- ☐ (60) Gaylord Hauser Diet
- ☐ (61) Famous Recipes
- ☐ (62) New England Recipes
- ☐ (63) Candy Recipes
- ☐ (64) Quick Hot Breads
- ☐ (65) Pancakes and Roll-Ups
- ☐ (66) Oyster Recipes
- ☐ (67) Waffles Tonight
- ☐ (68) Eggs for Every Meal
- ☐ (69) Let's Eat Fish
- ☐ (70) Casserole Recipes
- ☐ (71) Quickly Prepared Meals
- ☐ (73) Favorite Mexican Recipes
- ☐ (74) Foreign Recipes
- ☐ (75) Almanac Bread & Rolls
- ☐ (76) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts
- ☐ (77) Favorite Hebrew Recipes
- ☐ (78) Favorite Almanac Cakes
- ☐ (79) New Cakes
- ☐ (80) Desserts and Sweets
- ☐ (81) Favorite Pie Recipes
- ☐ (82) Pies and Pastries
- ☐ (83) Favorite Soup Recipes
- ☐ (84) Meat for Family Meals
- ☐ (85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
- ☐ (86) Delicious Vegetables
- ☐ (87) New Vegetable Recipes
- ☐ (88) Almanac Potato Recipes
- ☐ (89) Popular Salad Recipes
- ☐ (90) Salads and Dressings
- ☐ (91) Almanac Cookies
- ☐ (92) New Cookies
- ☐ (98) Children's Party Recipes
- ☐ (99) Delicious Chicken Recipes
- ☐ (100) Buffet Party Dishes
- ☐ (101) Lunchbox Fillers
- ☐ (102) Favorite Puddings, Sauces

MONEY-SAVING DRIED FRUIT RECIPES by Betty Blake

For full flavor and wholesome goodness, dried fruits are among our finest foods. Economical, too... that's why Betty Blake suggests this delicious recipe:

SUNSWEET UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

First, blend ¼ cup water, ½ cup granulated sugar, and ¼ cup melted butter, and pour into greased paper-lined pan. Over this, arrange alternately 1 cup cooked, pitted "Tenderized" Prunes and 1 cup cooked, sweetened "Tenderized" Apricots. Then mix the following cake batter:

1¼ cups granulated sugar	½ cup milk
½ cup shortening	2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 eggs	3½ teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla extract	½ teaspoon salt

Cream sugar and shortening and blend with beaten yolks and vanilla. Sift flour, baking powder and salt, and add alternately with milk. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Pour batter over fruit and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 hour and 10 minutes. Invert pan on serving plate, remove paper. Serve with whipped cream.

* * * * *

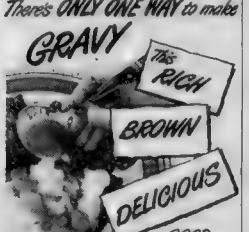
SUNSWEET Prunes are different. Tree-ripened, "Tenderized" and guaranteed by the growers themselves—these are the finest Prunes that California produces! Look for the gold or silver SUNSWEET carton.

Sunsweet TENDERIZED PRUNES

CALIFORNIA PRUNE AND APRICOT GROWERS ASSN
San Jose, California
SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes, Apricots, Peaches, and SUNSWEET Prune Juice

In This Issue Sally Young's Column, "A New Look" Shows You How to Develop New Coiffures for That Party Look.

There's ONLY ONE WAY to make GRAVY



USE KITCHEN BOUQUET

Famous chefs know you can't get gravy so rich and delicious, such an appetizing deep brown color—*without help*. Nor can you depend on weak, watery, so-called "gravy helps." Kitchen Bouquet is what you need. It's *full strength to give full flavor!* For rich, brown, delicious gravy—simply add Kitchen Bouquet!

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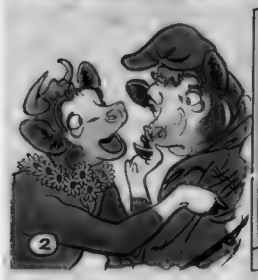
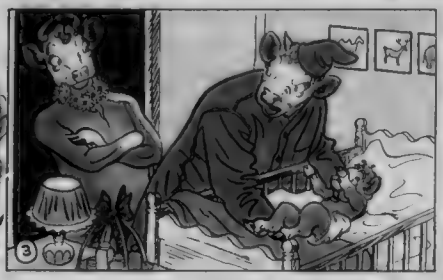
"The right time to say 'no' to a kid," boomed Elmer, the bull, "is *not* when he's bellowing his lungs out. Then's the time to pick him up."



"It won't hurt the child to cry a bit," said Elsie. "Good for his lungs!"



"And it's *hard* on my ears," roared Elmer. "This kid wants up—and that's what he's going to get!"

"If he gets too much of his own way," warned Elsie, "he may end up a little bully. But, then again, if he gets too *little*, he may turn out another Mr. Milk Toast."

"*Milk* toast!" groaned Elmer. "I knew we'd get *milk* mixed up in this."

"It's good to get milk mixed up in most *everything* you eat," said Elsie, "especially Borden's Milk."

"You see," added Elsie, "milk—with meals and between meals—is the world's most delicious and *economical* way to get extra needed nourishment like vitamins, minerals, and *body-building* proteins."

"We were talking about the *right* time to say 'no' to my son," reminded Elmer.

"And *one* time that's the *right* time to say 'no'," said Elsie, "is when the child wants to eat something that isn't good for him."

"And I suppose *you* decide what's good for the kids to eat—all by yourself?" sneered Elmer.

"Doctors and dietitians do that," corrected Elsie, "*They* say cheese is concentrated nourishment. Take *Borden's Chateau**—it's the cheese food with the mellow-mild Cheddar flavor."

"If I were half the guy folks think I am," groaned Elmer, "I'd rise up and say NO to all this Borden chatter."

BORDEN'S CHATEAU SLICES, SPREADS AND MELTS LIKE A DREAM! IT'S THE CHEESE FOOD OF A HUNDRED DIFFERENT USES!
Borden's Chateau
12

"Don't do that!" cried Elsie. "No one ever says *no* to Borden's foods. Everybody knows—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

* T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

© The Borden Company

MUSHROOM STUFFING

Flavorful fixin' for your Holiday Bird

★ RECIPE ★

2 4-oz. cans sliced Mushrooms
3 qts. stale bread cubes
1 tsp. poultry seasoning
1 tbsp. salt 1 cup butter
½ cup minced onions

Combine canned Mushrooms and liquid, bread crumbs, poultry seasoning, salt. Sauté onions in butter until tender. Combine with seasoned bread crumbs and Mushrooms. Mix thoroughly Enough stuffing for a 12 lb. turkey. Fine for chicken, too!

FREE . . . exciting collection of superb recipes. Simple dishes made festive with the flavor magic of mushrooms! Write to Dept. A-7, Cultivated Mushroom Institute, 521 5th Ave., N. Y. 17.

MUSHROOMS

The little vegetable with the BIG flavor!

Packed in 3 styles
WHOLE
SLICED
STEMS & PIECES

The CULTIVATED MUSHROOM INSTITUTE consists of American Growers and Canners of Cultivated Hothouse Mushrooms. THIS SEAL certifies QUALITY, PURITY, FLAVOR. Look for it. Buy these brands with confidence:

Bin B ★ BRANDYWINE ★ DAWN FRESH
KEYSTONE ★ MGA ★ ROYAL TREAT

DO YOU KNOW

WHAT THEY'RE ADVERTISING?

HERE'S a memory test that you can make a game of. Each one of these symbols or trade marks appears in one of the advertisements in this issue of The American Weekly. All you have to do is write the name of the product next to the symbols listed below. Can you get all eight correct?

1—This is the baby of what famous cow?

2—What railroad operates the Western streamliners?

3—What company's advertisement shows this symbol?

4—What popular sea food is known by this name?

5—What can you eat that has this planet's name?

6—What company offers this hostess idea book?

7—What company's advertisement displays this seal?

8—What is the little vegetable with the big flavor?

Look for the answers in the advertisements in this issue.

The Epicure

MY FAVORITE DAGWOOD SANDWICH

By PENNY SINGLETON

EVER since the famous comic strip and Blondie pictures acquainted America with the delights of the "Dagwood" sandwich—a combination of almost everything a bursting refrigerator has to offer—I've been experimenting with endless and delicious variations of my own. If Arthur (Dagwood) Lake can have his, I, as Blondie, decided to come up with one that would match, if not surpass, those popular armsful of triple-deckers for which sandwich-minded fans seek recipes.

Chic Young's Popular Blondie Is Penny Singleton In Real Life. She Likes to Cook, Keeps In Condition With Tennis and Badminton, and Has Just Written a Cookbook.

Here is one I frequently put into practice when I arrive home late from the studio too tired to go through a whole meal or as a one course midnight collation for Hollywood gourmets. My own family and friends have named it "Blondie's favorite".

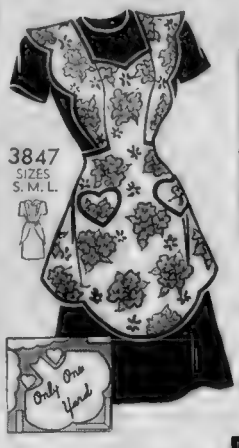
For this triple-decker use any variety of breads—white, rye, bran or whole wheat—alternating the lower half with mild cheeses—American, domestic Gruyere or any others preferred. Add crisp young lettuce leaves as well as a few sprays of watercress and a slice or two of tomatoes, depending on the size of the slices.

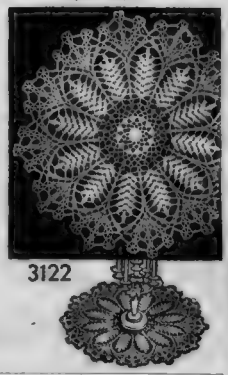
Cover this with thinly buttered bread and add to the second layer a portion of chopped lean sirloin tips, pre-grilled. This last is my own personal favorite because it offers the advantage of hot food in combination with cold and, in all truth, is a meal in itself. A little mustard adds flavor, the whole thing being topped off with two crisp slices of bacon.

Toast the three pieces of bread if desired. Mayonnaise may be lightly spread over them in place of butter. Slices of thin onion are a tasty addition.

As to fillings, there are infinite possibilities such as the hamburger being substituted with tongue or ham. But the recipe I have outlined above has exceedingly high nutritive value and is easily digested even at odd hours. I hope you find it as palatable as I do.

Needle Notes





3847—Pretty apron with scallops and heart pockets...easy-to make. Small (14-16), med (18-20), large (40-42). Small, one yard 35-inch fabric

3098—These peacocks, in gay color and pineapple design, add elegance to your linens. Transfer of three peacocks; crochet directions included.

3122—Crocheted doilies like these, in fern design, add beauty to your luncheon table. Large doily 16 in., small 11 in.; No. 30 cotton. Directions.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE, NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to: THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, Box 566, Station F, Brooklyn 26, New York.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

MOM! WHAT'LL I DO?

JACK JUST PHONED THAT HE'S BRINGING TWO MEN HOME FOR DINNER...AND IT'S TOO LATE TO SHOP!

DON'T GET PANICKY, SUE —GIVE THE BRUTES TUNA CUTLETS... THEY'LL LOVE 'EM!

"They're an old standby of mine when your father stampedes in with his men friends unexpectedly. Tuna cutlets are a good hearty, he-man dish. Jack's friends will think you're a wonderful cook. And I know you have tuna...I saw it on the shelf when I was there yesterday." Yes, tuna cutlets are always a favorite with men, if you use these brands of quality tuna. Keep a supply on hand for emergencies!

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.
Terminal Island, California

Chicken of the Sea
FANCY TUNA
WHITE STAR
FANCY TUNA
THE BRANDS THAT MADE TUNA FAMOUS
Buy EITHER brand... the quality is the same

MAKE HIS CHRISTMAS MERRY WITH MILK-BONE

He'll have all the sport of a real bone with Milk-Bone... *plus* the chewing exercise that helps promote healthy teeth and gums! And Milk-Bone is packed with important nutrients... one pound of this *concentrated* nourishment has *more* food value than a pound of fresh beef—making it *economical* to feed! Treat your dog to Milk-Bone this Christmas—and every day of the new year! Order from your dealer now!

Milk-Bone Biscuit contains nutrients your dog needs: Vitamins A, B1, B2, D and E... Meat Meal... Fish Liver Oil... Whole Wheat Flour... Minerals ...Milk.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES TIRED? Soothe and refresh them in seconds with two drops of safe, gentle Murine in each eye. You get—

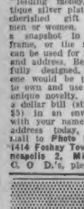
QUICK RELIEF. Instantly your eyes feel refreshed. Murine's scientific blend of 7 ingredients cleanses and soothes eyes that are tired from overwork or exposure to sun, wind and dust. Send 10c for pocket size sample bottle of Murine. Address Dept. C-5, The Murine Company, Chicago 11, Illinois.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

THE PHOTO MONEY CLIP AN IDEAL GIFT

The Photo Money Clip for "folding money," in antique silver plate, makes a cherished gift for men or women. Slip a snapshot in the frame, or the space can be used for name and address. Beautifully designed, anyone would be proud to own and use this unique novelty. Tuck a dollar bill (six for $5) in an envelope with your name and address today, and mail to Photo Novelties, 1416 Foshay Tower, Minneapolis 2, Minn. No C. O. D.'s, please.

By Mail $1.00 Postage Paid



TO DISCOURAGE NAIL BITING USE THUM TRADE MARK

50¢ easy to apply use like nail polish

AT ALL DRUG STORES

A New Look

By Sally Young

WITH the Christmas season in full swing and one party after another filling your social calendar, you, like many other women, are probably wondering how you can make your one or two party outfits look new and different for a dozen or so parties.

Perhaps you have been overlooking your best decoration bet—your hair. Hair that is kept shining like a precious jewel is a natural accessory and can give any costume a new look simply by the way it is arranged. If it has the added attraction of being manageable—ordinarily a liquid conditioning shampoo and regular brushing will take care of that—you can look different at every party, even if your wardrobe boasts only one party gown.

Feather Cut

FOR instance, the beloved feather cut can be worn as a feather cut to one party. For the next, try brushing the curls to the top of the head, keeping the neckline sleek and smooth, with the short hair ends fastened securely with tiny invisible combs. For another party, brush your curls to the back of your head, leaving a soft wave at the forehead and temple line. The curls, held in place by combs, should form a narrow cockscomb down the center back of the head. Or, if you like the severe look, try this: part your hair down the center back of your head and brush it forward. Turn the ends under to cover each ear, and by careful manipulation of thumb and forefinger, spread this curl until it resembles a bun.

Pageboy

IF YOUR hair is pageboy length, there are any number of things you can do with it. You might like, on one occasion, to try brushing all of the hair to one side of the head to a spot just behind and to the top of the ear, where it is bound with a rubber band. The rubber band can be covered with a bit of velvet or satin ribbon. A little more complicated, but very sleek and new, is a coronet roll across the top of the head ending in curls on one side a little above the ear. To do this, brush all of the hair to the right and start rolling it at a spot just behind the ear. Continue the roll across the top of the head, pin it securely, and let the hair ends form a cluster of curls at the temple line.

For the ingenue look, try parting your hair down the center front and back, and binding it with rubber bands into two waved strands falling just behind the ears. Cover the rubber bands with huge ribbon bows fastened to the hair with pins.

These and many more coiffures take on the party look when hair itself gleams like satin. Hair is your natural accessory. Why not use it as such?

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 383, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage
- ☐ (12) Hair Styles for You

that Always-Fresh look with Woodbury Cold Cream

JANET LEIGH featured in "IF WINTER COMES" A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production

"It's your glow that catches eyes!" says Janet. And for her beauty-glow cleansing, it's Woodbury Cold Cream! So clean-cleansing, skin looks Always-Fresh... Woodbury-Wonderful!

YES... Woodbury's rich oils cleanse deep, leave skin clear-clean. Four special softening ingredients to smooth skin... silky-soft! Get beautifying Woodbury Cold Cream.

HOW TO GET RECIPE FAVORITES

At the Bottom of the Household Almanac Page in This Issue There Is a List of Favorite Recipes Which Have Already Appeared, and Are Now Available in Reprints Which You May Order.

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE POULTICE

SIMPLE CHEST COLD SORE THROAT BRONCHIAL IRRITATION

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat. Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

SIMPLE SPRAIN, BRUISE SORE MUSCLES, BOILS

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also reduces swelling and relieves pain due to a boil, simple sprain, bruise, or similar injury or condition and limbers up stiff, aching muscles. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE MEDICATED POULTICE-DRESSING in tube or can at your drug store NOW.

Antiphlogistine MEDICATED POULTICE-DRESSING

The White Package with the Orange Band

COMPLEXION

Try Cuticura for the prompt relief of externally caused pimples. Cuticura promptly helps soften blackhead tips

BLEMISHES

for easy removal. Used by many *nurses*, some *hospitals*. For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-198, Malden 48, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT

FINE, STRONG CHILDREN

You'll be proud of your strong, husky children when you give them Scott's Emulsion every day! Scott's is a "cold mine" of *natural* A&D Vitamins and energy-building natural oil. Helps children grow right, develop sound teeth, strong bones. Helps ward off colds when they lack enough A&D Vitamin food. Many doctors recommend it. Economical. Buy today at your drug store.

MORE than just a tonic—it's powerful nourishment!

SCOTT'S EMULSION HIGH ENERGY TONIC

For the best Brown Gravy You Ever Tasted

GRAVY MASTER makes gravy as you like it RICH · BROWN · FULL-BODIED

the new big name in Beer and *Cheer!*

At any season of the year, you'll really enjoy the top quality of BREWERS' BEST PREMIUM BEER. But at holiday time especially, you'll find more than full measure of good cheer in its light, clean, distinctive flavor. ● The sign of BREWERS' BEST is your assurance that this superior beer is made of only the best ingredients, expertly brewed and thoroughly aged . . . and that the brewers have spared nothing to make BREWERS' BEST the finest on the market. ● These brewers want to pledge continued quality to the millions of friends BREWERS' BEST has made, and to wish them all a bright and happy New Year.

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BREWERS' BEST *Premium* BEER

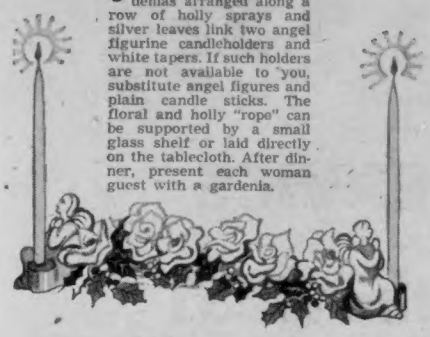
THE MOST PROGRESSIVE STEP IN THE BREWING INDUSTRY FOR OVER A CENTURY

Christmas DECORATIONS

By Doris Denison

For the Table

SIX creamy white gardenias arranged along a row of holly sprays and silver leaves link two angel figurine candleholders and white tapers. If such holders are not available to you, substitute angel figures and plain candle sticks. The floral and holly "rope" can be supported by a small glass shelf or laid directly on the tablecloth. After dinner, present each woman guest with a gardenia.



Cut two trees from stiff green paper, using accompanying pattern (enlarged to 3½ inches in length). Place one tree on top of the other and pierce holes 1½ inches apart down the center. Weave a 5-inch length of spool wire through the holes and fasten one end to under side of a white place card with gummed paper. The card is 1½ inches wide and 5 inches long. Tear edges to give deckled effect. Paint edges of branches with white poster paint and paste two stars together at the top of the wire. Decorate base with two small bows and gold bells.

This tiny package fits over a nut cup. Enlarge pattern so that sides of box measure 1½ inches square. Cut from green paper. Score dotted lines, bend, and paste in shape. Cross two pieces of narrow red ribbon over the box and paste ends underneath. Make a bow with 6 loops and tie two gold bells in center. Paste to top of box. Decorate box with gold stars.

For the Mantel

A MANTELPIECE arrangement in the shape of a crescent is made with a large, six-sided red candle surrounded by Scotch pine sprays, Michigan winterberries, and a graceful podocarpus pointing heavenward. Place rhododendron leaves at the base topped with flocking or thin sheets of cotton pulled to resemble drifted snow.

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HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades

Teen-Age Tempest

By URSULA TROW

ONE puzzled and unhappy teen-age girl recently asked in this column what to do about her mother's objections to every boy she shows an interest in.

Dorothy Ann Clark of Littleton Common, Mass., and **Flo Sherman** of Roselle Park, N. J., say she ought to have a long talk with her mother and find out just why she objects to the boys. "After all," says Dot, "one's mother is older and has had more experience judging character."

"Parents know best," writes **Shirley Seton** of Haverhill, Mass.

Go out with the boy, anyway, says **Ruth Oelschlager** of Pittsburgh and **Barbara Boyd** of Chicago. "After all, you are going out with him—not your mother."

Madeleine Eder of Cleveland and **Lorraine Crovo** of Staten Island, N. Y., think it's all wrong for parents to choose their children's friends. You have to choose them later in life, they point out, so you might as well get a little experience during your teens.

"A mother should have more reason for objecting to her daughter's boy friends than just not liking their looks," writes **Joan Kenley** of Cleveland.

Jeanne Baker of Brooklyn, N. Y., says a mother who objects to all her daughter's boy friends sounds like a woman afraid someone will take her daughter from her, and that isn't a healthy attitude.

Edward Kworciak of Buffalo, N. Y., says, "A mother should not pick her daughter's boy friends."

Most of the boys and girls who commented on this problem agree that a teen-age girl is entitled to dates and that, as a rule, she should be allowed to make her own choices of boy friends. If her parents feel that the choice is bad, or if they know that the boy has a bad reputation, then they should tell her why they object—and if they present a good case, the girl should accept this judgment.

Do you agree? Or are there times when a girl is a better judge of character than her folks? Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

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BRAND

FULL-FLAVORED BIG PEAS

Sweet as a kiss
Honest as Mother Earth!

GREAT VALUE IN GOOD EATING!

Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota

ADVERTISEMENT

ADVERTISEMENT

"Good-bye, Jim... we could have had a wonderful life together."

SHE had made herself go to Jim's wedding! "What will people say . . . what will they think . . . if I don't go?" she had asked herself grimly. So . . . she had gone. She had struggled to keep the tears back. She had watched the man she loved slip the ring on another girl's finger. She had forced herself to say the conventional things that were expected of her . . . "What a lovely bride! What a lucky man! What a beautiful wedding!" At least no one could point her out as the disappointed, heartbroken girl who had expected to be Jim's bride, herself.

But now the ordeal was over. Now she was home again, alone, with nothing to do except to read . . . and destroy . . . Jim's letters. Ah, here was the first letter he'd ever written her . . . after that wonderful day in the country! And here was another . . . after the dance. And other letters from far away Rio . . . warm and tender, full of his plans and hopes for the future . . . full of hints that maybe someday . . . ? One by one, she went through them, trying vainly to find some reason that would explain his later change in attitude.

The day he stepped off the plane from Rio, he had been so *ardent*, so glad to see her. But only a few short hours later he seemed to have changed . . . unbelievably. There was a strange indifference about him . . . his tenderness became merely formal courtesy . . . and at each meeting after that, the gulf seemed to widen, finally becoming an abyss. What had happened to change his feeling for her? She didn't know . . . and she never would know.

Slowly she put the letters into the fire, sadly watching them turn to ashes.

"Good-bye, Jim," she whispered. "We could have had a wonderful life together!"

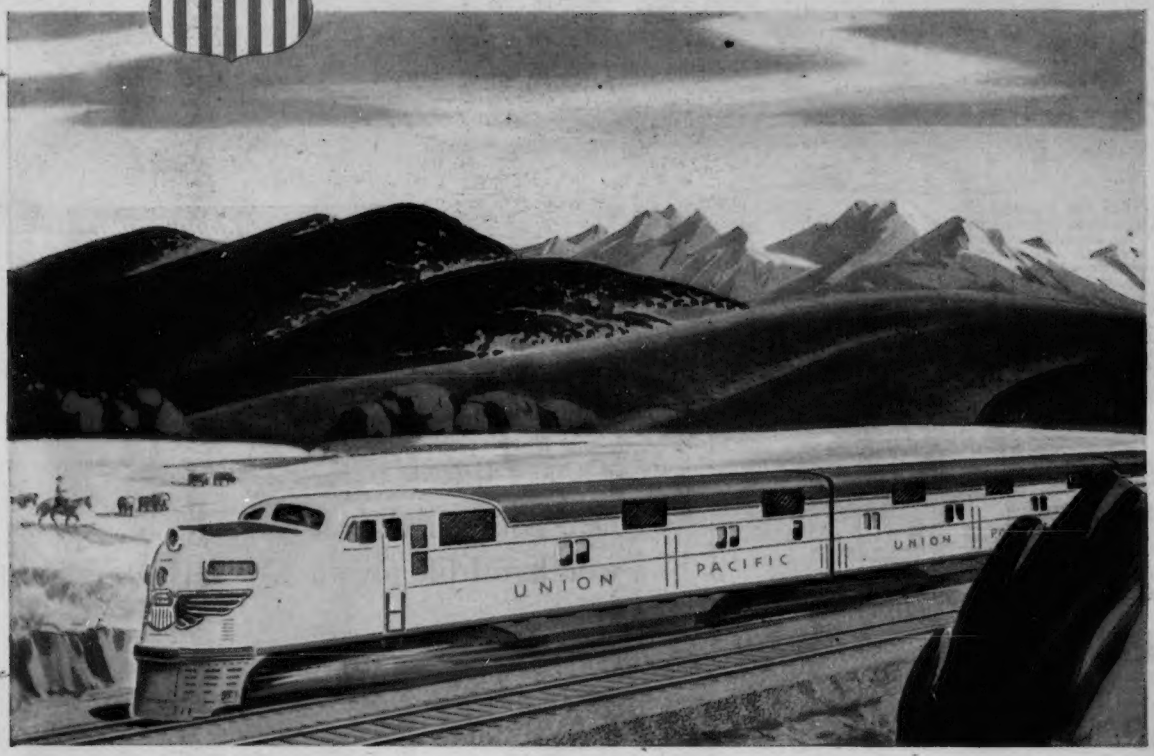
You can understand why a case of halitosis (bad breath) can cause a rift in a promising romance. And halitosis, unfortunately, can happen to anyone . . . even to you. So be extra careful about offending this way. And by being extra careful we mean rinsing the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, *and before every date when you want to be at your best.*

Although sometimes systemic in origin, most cases of halitosis, according to some authorities, are caused by fermentation of food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, and overcomes the odor it causes. So many fastidious people never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before every date let LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *look after your breath*

DAILY *Streamliner* SERVICE

to and from the WEST



For travelers between Chicago and western points, Union Pacific now operates a fleet of daily Streamliners.

These time-saving trains provide the utmost in travel comfort and pleasure. There's a choice of spacious Pullman accommodations and adjustable, reserved coach seats.

"CITY OF LOS ANGELES"
DAILY service between Chicago - Los Angeles.

"CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO"
DAILY service between Chicago - San Francisco.

"CITY OF PORTLAND"
DAILY service between Chicago - Portland.

"CITY OF ST. LOUIS"
DAILY service between St. Louis - Denver.
Through cars to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland.

"CITY OF DENVER"
DAILY — Overnight between Chicago - Denver.

For complete relaxation, ride the Union Pacific Streamliners.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Road of the Daily Streamliners